Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

Local Matters.

POST-OFFICE ABOLISHED

From and after today, March 1st, the Aquidneck Postoffice is abolished. The jurisdiction of the Newport office extends to Quaker Hill in Portsmouth. The force employed at Aquidneck will be transferred to the Newport office.

NEWPORT CHAPTER ELECTION

At the annual convocation of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons on Thursday evening, the Chapter was honored by the presence of M. E. Wilbur A. Scott, Grand High Priest, who made a stirring appeal in behalf of the George Washington Masonic Memorial Association, which has been organized to provide a fitting home for the priceless mementoes of George Washington now in possession of the ancient Masonic Lodge at Alexandria, Va., over which George Washington presided as Master.

R.W. Joseph Lawton, District Deputy Grand High Priest, presided over the election and installed the officers, who are as follows:

High Priest—Rexford A. Nash.
King—Henry A. Curtis.
Scribe—Robert G. Biesel.
Treasurer—Andrew K. McMahon.
Secretary—George H. Kelley.
Chaplain—Donald E. Spears.
Captain of the Host—Alexander J. MacIver.
Principal Sojourner—Alvah H. Sanborn.
Royal Arch Captain—Gardiner B. Reynolds.
Master of the Third Veil—Harry W. Boudreau.
Master of the Second Veil—Chester Staats.
Master of the First Veil—Fred W. Johnstone.
Senior Steward—Frederick G. Farmer.
Junior Steward—William A. Perkins.
Musical Director—Henry S. Heidy.
Sentinel—Edward E. Taylor.
Trustee for three years—Robert W. Curry.

Following the installation the retiring High Priest, Robert S. Burlingame, was presented with a handsome Past High Priest's jewel in behalf of the Chapter.

IMPROVED CAR SERVICE

The Newport & Providence Street Railway is now giving excellent service between Washington Square and the Naval Training Station; and the various emergency lines of trucks and other conveyances have been permanently discontinued. While there was considerable congestion at rush hours for a short time, due to the sudden growth of traffic and the inability to secure additional rolling stock at short notice, the company met the demands upon it at the earliest possible moment by converting some of its large open cars into closed cars suitable for winter traffic. While this took some little time, excellent results were finally accomplished and the Training Station is now given ample service.

The Newport & Providence Railway has also installed new service on the Broadway line this week, somewhat as an experiment. The "one-man" car which was purchased some time ago for service on the Bristol Ferry line at a time when help was scarce, is now being operated on the half-hour schedule from Broadway to Washington Square, leaving the Mile Corner on the hour and half-hour, and the Square on the quarters. This is a great convenience to those residents of Broadway who wish to reach the section in the neighborhood of Washington Square, as well as those who wish to go to the Training Station from Broadway, transfers being given.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday next, and the docket for the term will be apparently a long one. There are many new cases and in addition there are old cases of considerable importance that have been assigned for trial at this term, including the counter-suits of George Peabody Eustis and Ogden Codman, which give promise of much notoriety, the incidents leading up to the suits having already created a great sensation in society circles all over the country.

Arrangements are being made by the entertainment committee of the Miantonomi Club to have Captain Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N., deliver an address before the Club on "The Mine Laying Barrage of the North Sea." The date for the lecture has not yet been determined.

CODDINGTON POINT SOLD

The United States government now owns the whole tract of land at Coddington Point which the Navy Department has been occupying for some months, and the owners have been paid the sum of $150,000 for all the rights pertaining thereto. The ceremony of transferring the deeds and paying over this large sum of money took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Mayor's office in the City Hall in the presence of quite a large gathering of interested parties, representing the government, the city, the Narragansett Bay Realty Company, and persons holding interests in some of the lands transferred. This completes a deal which has been pending for several years, and in which the whole city was interested.

Before the United States entered into the great War, the Navy Department had been negotiating with the Narragansett Bay Realty Company for the purchase of the large tract of land which the latter company owned on Coddington Point, for the purpose of securing room for an addition to the Naval Training Station here. Prices were submitted by the owners, but the Navy decided that they were too high. Two different appraisal boards made estimates of the value of the property, and the Realty Company reduced their figures to $150,000. The Government fixed the sum of $100,000 as their highest offer, and in order that this great development might not fall through the city of Newport voted to buy the property from the Realty Company for the sum of $150,000 and sell it to the Government for $100,000. In other words, the City gave the Government $50,000 with which to purchase the property.

The purchase at this price was agreed upon by the Government, and when the war conditions made a quick development of the naval station a necessity, the owners allowed the Government to move on to their land and have the use of it without charge pending the purchase. The securing of clear deeds to various properties, the purchase of rights and easements which other owners had to shore rights, etc., and all the intricate legal details connected with securing clear title to various small lots of land made long delay, but finally the deeds were approved by the attorneys for the Government and on Tuesday the cash payments were made and the deeds delivered.

The technicality of passing the deeds was a somewhat complicated one. All the property was first deeded by the owners to the city of Newport, including not only the holdings of the Narragansett Bay Realty Company, but also the property of several individual holders of land in the section desired. Then the city transferred all the property to the United States government. As soon as the checks were paid over, the owners of the individual lots received their payments, and payments were made to banks to release certain mortgages. Claims of the city of Newport for taxes were at once paid and all the claims against any of the lands were cleared, with the possible exception of some stipulations regarding shore rights, and these the Realty Company guarantees to defend in case of action.

Following the transferring of the cash and papers, the party assembled on the front steps of the City Hall where a group picture was taken. The pen with which the papers were signed was presented to Dr. Beck of the representative council commission, which has been active in promoting the deal.

The 66th Artillery Regiment is expected to arrive at New York next Monday, being now at sea on the steamer Powhattan. This regiment was sent from Fort Adams last summer, and as many of the men came from Rhode Island or from the regular companies of Coast Artillery stationed at the Forts in this vicinity, it is expected that some of the units, if not the whole regiment, will be sent to this district for demobilization. There are supposed to be several Newporters in this regiment.

Sergeant Major Thurston S. Knowles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Knowles of Jamestown, is now in a rest hospital in France, having been a sufferer from shell shock. Mr. Knowles went through some of the hardest fighting of the war, but escaped wounds almost miraculously, but finally yielded to the shell shock. He will probably be returned to his home in the near future.

The buildings on the plat of the United States Housing Corporation on Old Fort Road are so far advanced that applications for their rental are being accepted. The rentals are being conducted through a local real estate office.

FIRE ENGINEERS HERE

Fire insurance engineers have been in town this week looking over conditions here as far as fire conditions are concerned. In spite of the fact that the fire loss in Newport for almost uncounted years has been far below that that might be expected in cities of this size, the engineers still threaten us with a conflagration and call attention to conditions that should be corrected, many of which are almost impossible of correction and others possible at practically prohibitive expense.

Some time ago, the engineers made recommendations to the city, which were carried out at large expense to the taxpayers, but for which there has been not the slightest allowance in the way of reduced insurance rates. Nor is there likely to be any reduction, no matter what expense is incurred by the city for the improvement and maintenance of its fire department, which is admitedly one of the best in New England. Aside from the regular paid department and wholly adequate apparatus maintained by the municipality, there is at instant call the fully equipped department of the Naval Training Station, together with apparatus and men from Fort Adams, and the formidable force of fire boats in the harbor maintained by the government. The men from the government stations, aside from their regular fire department, are available under strict discipline to give all the man-force necessary for the control of any conflagration that might arise.

But the insurance companies have no intention of reducing the rich income that they have long enjoyed from this field, and that is all there is to it.

JUNIOR CITY GOVERNMENT

A Junior city government was organized at the City Hall on Tuesday evening, this being one of the activities under the direction of Recreation Supervisor Leland. A mayor, board of aldermen and other officers were elected, and committees were created to formulate rules and also arrange for the inauguration ceremonies.

David Eagan was elected Mayor, and the members of the board of aldermen are Myles Burke, David Edes, Kenneth Clarke, Jeremiah Mahoney, William Donovan and Benjamin Estner. Instructive addresses were made by Mayor Mahoney, City Clerk Fullerton, William R. Harvey, William Williams, Thomas B. Congdon and others.

JEWEL FOR MR. TAYLOR

Mr. John M. Taylor, for more than 25 years treasurer of Rhode Island lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., was presented with a handsome Past Grand's jewel at the regular meeting of the lodge on Monday evening. The presentation was made by Past Grand Benjamin Lawton, and Mr. Taylor responded gracefully. Mr. Taylor was Noble Grand of the lodge in 1874, and is one of its oldest members, his membership dating back to 1871.

At the regular meeting of Weenat Shassitt Tribe of Red Men, nine applications for membership were balloted on, Adoption degree exemplified on ten candidates and the Warriors' degree exemplified on nineteen candidates. On Wednesday evening, March 12, a special car for East Providence will bring a degree team from Watchemoket Tribe who will exemplify the Chiefs' degree on twenty-one candidates.

Mayor Jeremiah P. Mahoney of Newport has been invited to attend a conference of 100 mayors of various cities in the United States, to be held at Washington at the request of President Wilson. It is expected that there will be a discussion as to business conditions generally and as to the opportunities of returned service men in particular. The conference will take place on March 3 and 4.

Congressman-elect Clark Burdick has been in Washington this week, looking over the ground and making the acquaintance of some of the men who will serve with him in the next Congress. Although a special session of Congress is likely before the regular session next December, President Wilson says that he will not call a special session for some months.

A preliminary meeting was held this week for the purpose of organizing a club of musicians in Newport. Committees were appointed to draft a set of by-laws and also to make nominations for officers below the president, Mrs. Mary Curley-Rooney having been elected to that office. None but musicians will be eligible for membership.

SERGEANT LAWTON REMEMBERED

The annual military ball of the Newport Artillery Company was held at Masonic Hall on Monday evening, and like its predecessors was a great success. The large hall was attractively decorated for the occasion, and made a handsome appearance. Many of the male dancers were in full military or naval uniform. A large orchestra furnished music, and attractive programs, prepared at the Mercury office, were distributed to the dancers.

One of the dances was dedicated to Ordnance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton, as a memorial of the 59th anniversary of his enrolment with the Company. Owing to poor health, Sergeant Lawton was unable to be present.

On Tuesday evening, when the Company assembled for drill, Ordnance Sergeant Lawton was on hand and was presented with a purse of fifty dollars in gold as a testimonial of esteem of the members of the Company, and also with a box of cigars the personal gift of Mrs. W. Rogers Morgan. The presentation was made by Colonel Herbert Bliss, and Sergeant Lawton responded feelingly. The record of Ordnance Sergeant Lawton is a remarkable one, and probably has few if any equals in the country.

ANDREW M. CAHOONE

Mr. Andrew Mott Cahoone, who died at his home in Brooklyn on Sunday, was formerly well known in Newport, having spent his summers here for many years in the distant past, but had not been in Newport for a number of years. He was in his eighty-eighth year and had been in failing health for some time.

Mr. Cahoone was a member of the old brokerage firm of Martin & Co., and was one of the oldest members of the New York Stock Exchange, of which he had served for many years as a member of the board of governors, retiring from this office in 1912. He was a great lover of Newport, having spent many summers in the old family residence on Mill street which was torn down some years ago. He was one of the oldest subscribers to the Newport Mercury, having been on the subscription list for more than fifty years, some time before the present editor came into possession of the paper.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Burrows of Jamestown.

SERVICE MEN WANT WORK

A delegation of workers from the Torpedo Station has been in Washington this week in consultation with officials of the Navy department in an endeavor to secure an adjustment of differences here. One of the most serious problems is as to the disposition of men who have returned from active service with the colors. These men assert that when they joined the colors they were assured that they could return to their old jobs after the war, but since being mustered out have found it difficult to secure their positions. As the men at the Station were practically exempt from the draft, and in most cases left high salaried jobs to serve their country, they feel that a rank injustice has been done them, especially when private employers are making every effort to return service men to their old jobs.

DESERTER CAPTURED IN WEST

It is reported that the Coast Artillery private who created much excitement in this city some months ago by three times escaping from his guards while under imprisonment at Fort Adams, has been placed under arrest in Denver, Colorado. At any rate, a guard has been sent from here to Denver to identify and bring back the man under arrest there, who is supposed to be Private Moe Vogel. It is certain that if he proves to be the right man the guards will take no chances of his escaping from them while on the way East.

WATER SUPPLY INCREASED

The water supply of Newport is now in a much better condition than it has been for many months, the heavy snow and rain of a few days ago having raised the ponds very materially although the supply is still well below high water mark in all the ponds. The consumption of water has been considerably reduced by the reduction in the government forces here, so that with a rainfall anywhere near normal for the next few months, the city should be able to go through the coming summer comfortably.

The government is asking for proposals for the construction of a new fish hatchery building at Block Island.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

The Community Players put on their second production on Thursday evening, when the well known play, "It Pays to Advertise," was presented before a large and appreciative audience. The performance was fully up to the high standard established by the first production by this local company, composed of professionals and leading amateurs, and gives assurance of a series of splendid entertainment before the season will close. The next performance will be "Billetted," a play that has enjoyed a great success on the metropolitan stage, and one that gives opportunity for the best efforts of the splendid talent available.

The cast for the play this week showed some changes from that of the first play, as it is intended to make some changes each week. The star parts were taken by Mr. Glenister and Miss Rizer, who were in splendid form fully in keeping with their established reputation. The supporting cast included Miss Dorothy Willard, Miss Louise C. Heard, Dr. G. Ernest Mott, Singing Master Charles Bowes, Chaplain William A. Nichols, Mr. Ralph C. Gunther, Miss Elizabeth Dwyer, Mr. John C. Hass, and Mr. Charles Callahan. All were well adapted to the parts assigned them, and showed the results of careful study and thorough drilling. The play will be repeated on Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen a resolution of thanks was adopted to former Senator George Peabody Wetmore for his gift of a strip of land in front of the old Ladd property to make possible the widening of Bath Road. The resolution was adopted by unanimous vote of the board and a copy was ordered to be transmitted to Senator Wetmore. At the suggestion of the Building Inspector it was voted to ask Chief Kirwin to have any building defects discovered by his men reported to the Building Inspector in order that steps might be taken for their correction.

A great deal of routine business was transacted, including the granting of many licenses of various kinds. Bids were opened for furnishing the city with $50,000 in anticipation of taxes and the loan went to S. N. Bond & Co., at 4.10 plus 55 cents. The proposed new system of stops on the local line of the Bay State Street Railway was approved for a month's trial, except in the lower part of the city.

It was voted that the names of those who have laid down their lives in the great war shall be engraved on the memorial tablet on the City Hall lawn.

LIEUTENANT COZZENS COMING HOME

Lieutenant James P. Cozzens, U. S. N., who has served in the Navy since the beginning of the war, has been placed on inactive duty, and is expected to reach his home here in a few days. Lieutenant Cozzens was one of the very first to volunteer his services, and was appointed Ensign, being promoted to Lieutenant (J. G.) after months of active duty. Lieutenant Cozzens is not an office sailor, but has been at sea constantly throughout his term of service, a large part of the time on the battleship Massachusetts. He made several trips across the ocean on escort duty, and has seen much difficult and dangerous service.

RECEPTION TO PASTOR

The members of the church and congregation of the First Presbyterian Church tendered a reception on Thursday evening to the new pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Robert R. White. There was a large attendance, both from within and without the church, nearly all the Protestant clergymen of the city being present. An excellent program of music and addresses was arranged under the direction of the Ladies Aid Society, and the program was well carried out. A cordial greeting was extended to Mr. and Mrs. White, and they made a large number of friends during the evening.

The constructing quartermaster's office, connected with this defense district, has closed its large offices in the Horgan building on Thames street, and has moved back to its old quarters at Fort Adams.

Mr. J. K. Sullivan this week lost one of a valuable pair of horses, which backed off his wharf into the harbor. One of the horses was saved, but the other was drowned.

EXPERIENCES "OVER THERE"

The following private letter from a well known Newport young lady will be found very interesting reading by her many friends in this vicinity.

Paris, Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1919.

I have had many adventures since I wrote you last. We left Stenay a week ago yesterday as we had our orders to proceed to Nancy, to follow the 124th to Luxembourg. We should have had to get out anyway, as our food supply had given out and we had only ½ a can of corn Willy between the two of us. We packed up all our belongings, taking with us only a small sack over our shoulder with only our necessary night clothes. We began walking from Stenay to Verdun, as there was no other way to get out. We got a ride most of the way to "Dun" on a truck. After a short rest we set out again and walked about six miles when a Y car picked us up and got us to Verdun in time for lunch. The Chief was not there, so we had to wait to see him. This gave us plenty of time to look around. I cannot begin to go into details, because it would take too long. But we walked over the Cathedral and saw the citadel where the civilian population who remained at Verdun stayed. It's a great many feet underground and consists of long corridors with sleeping accommodations and a huge kitchen where food for everyone is cooked. We climbed Hill 304 and went through the trenches and dugouts of the famous hill held for four years against all the attacks of the savage Hun.

We had our interview with Mr. Gray, who is just like William Hodge in the Man from Home. He gave us our orders and we proceeded to Bar-le-Duc, by the narrow gauge railroad. We very fortunately made the trip in five hours, which you can make by car in two. That was an eventful night, as we had our first fresh fish, fresh vegetables, meat and fruit for over two months, and we actually slept in sheets. Such grunts of joy and satisfaction! It took us all next morning to get the mud of Stenay, Verdun and Hill 304 off our clothes and shoes. But we looked less like hoboes and more like ladies when we got on the train to Nancy. We made the most of our time in Nancy in the way of good food. We believe in eating while the eating is good and then we can go without if necessary.

We saw Mrs. Dwight the first thing Friday morning and she said we'd have to go to Diekirch by way of Metz and Luxembourg, taking 3 days en route. That didn't please us as we were anxious to be off, but we said nothing. Then a call came from the warehouse in Nancy saying two trucks of the 33rd Div. were leaving in 20 minutes. Could we make it? You bet we could and did. So our next stage of our journey was taken in a truck from Nancy by Metz and the city of Luxembourg to Diekirch, a ride of 90 miles. It was some ride too, from 12 at noon to about 10.30 at night. We stopped in the city of Luxembourg for supper. The country is perfectly wonderful, very hilly and wild. The general opinion is that it is the country of G. B. McCutcheon's "Graustauk." The people are a conglomeration of German and French, with a bit of English. They are almost all pro-German and almost without exception out to get all the money they can from the Americans. Their prices are outrageous. We tried to buy some handkerchiefs and at first they wanted 18 francs for a dozen which you could buy in the States for 10 cents apiece. Then they boosted the price up to 22.50 fr. Needless to say, we went without.

They kept us in Diekirch till Sunday and then took us to Col. Kreslin's whose headquarters are in Rollingen a little town south of Merseli. We have our canteen in the town hall over the kitchen of Hdqs. Co. We have our store room there and are open every day from 11 to 1.30. The Batteries are scattered over so many towns that we have to follow a schedule to serve them all. Sunday and Wednesday we serve the two at Rollingen. Monday we serve Batteries A and B, who are close together, Tuesday, Battery F at Goschdange. Don't you love the name? When in a hurry we speak of going to Gosh-Darn. Thursday we are with C, Friday D and Saturday B. That gives each Battery an equal show and enables us to get acquainted with them all. The boys are such dears and so appreciative of our efforts to give them a square deal.

I hope some day to get some mail but by making so many changes it is awfully hard for mail to follow. But don't stop writing on that account please.

JESSIE MacLEOD.

Today is the first day of March, the first of the spring months, and by many people is regarded as the first day of spring. If March does not treat us any worse than February has done, we shall have passed through the winter very well.

Mr. Daniel J. McGowan has been appointed marshal of the Newport division in the big St. Patrick's Day parade to be held in Providence on Monday, March 17th. A number of Newport organizations will participate in the parade.

The parade of the apprentice seamen from the Training Station was called off on Wednesday, the weather conditions being rather threatening at the hour set.

Mr. Harold B. Simonds will leave Newport on Sunday, having accepted a position as organist of St. Paul's church in Chicago.

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER I.

Sent Into Servitude.

Knowing this to be a narrative of unusual adventure, and one which may never even be read until long after I have departed from this world, when it will be difficult to convince readers that such times as are herein depicted could ever have been reality, I shall endeavor to narrate each incident in the simplest manner possible. My only purpose is truth, and my only witness history. Yet, even now lately as this all happened, it is more like the recollections of a dream, dimly remembered at awakening, and, perchance, might remain so, but for the scars upon my body, and the constant memory of a woman's face. These alone combine to bring back in vividness those days that were—days of youth and daring, of desperate, lawless war, of wide ocean peril, and the outstretched hands of love. So that here, where I am writing it all down, here amid quietness and peace, and forgetful of the past, I wander again along a deserted shore, and sail among those isles of a southern sea, the home for many a century of crime and unspeakable cruelty. I will recall the truth, and can do no more.

It was still early morning when we were brought out under heavy guard and marched somberly forth through the opened gates of the jail. Ahead we could perceive a forest of masts, and what seemed like a vast crowd of waiting people. That we had been sentenced to exile, to prolonged servitude in some foreign land, was all that any of us knew.

The guards prodded the crowd savagely with the butts of their musketoons, thus making scant room for us to shuffle through, out upon the far end of the wharf, where we were finally halted abreast of a lumping brig, apparently nearly ready for sea. There were more than forty of us. I gained glimpse of the hooker's name—Romping Betsy of Plymouth. A moment later a sailor passed along the edge of the dock and instantly a whisper passed swiftly from man to man. "It's Virginia, mate; we're bound for Virginia."

The eyes of a prisoner met mine. "Virginia, hey?" he grunted. "Ye're a sailorman, ain't ye, mate? Well, then, whar is this yere Virginia?"

"That's all right, mates," I returned cheerily. "We'll fall into the hands of Englishmen out there. In America, where all the tobacco comes from. I've been there twice—and to a land beyond they call Maryland. 'Tis a country not so unlike England."

"Yer better stow that, my man," growled someone above me, and I looked up into the stern eyes of the captain of the guard, "or it may be the 'cat' for ye. So ye've been ter the Virginia plantation, hev ye? Then ye must be Master Carlyle, I take it. I heerd tell about ye at the trial, but supposed ye ter be an older man."

"I am twenty-six."

"Ye don't look even thet. Ay, they're ready for ye now. Fall in there—all of yer. Step along, yer d——d rebel scum."

I stared aft at the poop deck. There were a number of persons gathered along the low rail, probably all passengers. Then my eyes encountered a strange group foregathered beside the lee rail.

There were four in the little party, one of them a negress. Another was clearly enough a colonial proprietor, a heavily built man of middle age, purple faced. I passed these by with a glance, my attention concentrating upon the other two—a middle-aged man and a young woman standing side by side. The former was a dashing looking blade, of not more than forty, attired in blue slashed coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and bedecked at collar and cuffs with a profusion of lace. A saffron colored waistcoat failed to conceal his richly beruffled shirt, and the hilt of a rapier was rather prominently displayed. Such dandies were frequently enough seen, but it was this man's face which made marked contrast with his gay attire. He was dark and hook-nosed, apparently of foreign birth, with black mustache tightly clipped, so as to reveal the thin firmness of his lips, and even at that distance I could perceive the lines of a scar across his chin. Altogether there was an audacity to his face, a daring, convincing me he was no mere lady's knight but one to whom fighting was a trade. He was pointing us out to his companion, apparently joking over our appearance, in an endeavor to amuse. Seemingly she gave small heed to his words, for although her eyes followed where he pointed they never once lighted with a smile, nor did I see her answer his sallies. She was scarcely more than a girl, dressed very simply in some clinging dark stuff, with a loose gray cloak draping her shoulders and a small, neat bonnet of straw perched upon a mass of coiled hair. The face beneath was sweetly piquant, with dark eyes and rounded cheeks flushed with health. She stood, both hands clasping the rail, watching us intently. I somehow felt as though her eyes were upon me, and within their depths, even at that distance, I seemed to read a message of sympathy and kindness. The one lasting impression her face left on my memory was that of innocent girlhood, dignified by a womanly tenderness.

What were those two to each other? I could not guess, for they seemed from two utterly different worlds. Not

What Were Those Two to Each Other?

brother and sister surely; and not lovers. The last was unthinkable. Instinctively I disliked the man, aware of an instant antagonism, realizing that he was evil; while his companion came to me as revealment of all that was true and worthy, in a degree I had never known before. From the instant I looked upon these two I felt convinced that, through some strange vagary of fate, we were destined to know more of each other; that our life lines were ordained to touch and become entangled, somewhere in that mystery of the western world to which I had been condemned.

Then the guards came to me, and, with my limbs freed of fetters, I was passed down the steep ladder into the semidarkness between decks, where we were to be confined. It proved a dismal, crowded hole in which we were quartered like so many cattle, the only ventilation and light furnished by the open hatch above. The ticket given me called by number for a certain berth, and I found this, throwing within the small bundle I bore. Almost immediately there was a sound of tramping feet on the deck above, and the creaking of blocks. Then a sudden movement of the hull told all we were under way.

CHAPTER II.

The Prison Ship.

The greater portion of that voyage of 53 days I would blot entirely from memory if possible. I cannot hope to describe it in any detail—the foul smells, the discomfort, the ceaseless horror of food, the close companionship of men turned into mere animals by suffering and distress, the wearisome days, the black, sleepless nights, the poisonous air, and the brutality of guards. I can never forget these things, for they have scarred my soul.

The hatch above remained open, but carefully guarded night and day, while we were permitted on deck for air and exercise only in squads of ten, two hours out of every twenty-four. This alone served to break the dread monotony of the voyage. From our exercise on deck we generally returned below drenched to the skin, but glad to even pay that price for two hours of fresh air, and an opportunity to gaze about at sea and sky. We were herded well forward, a rope dividing us from the main deck, which space the passengers aft used as a promenade. There were only three women aboard, a fat dowager, the young lady I had noticed at embarkation, and her colored maid. I gained but one glimpse of the young lady in the first two weeks at sea, and then only as we were being ordered down to our quarters for the night. Just as I was approaching the hatch to descend our eyes met fairly, and I instantly knew she saw and recognized me. For a single second our glances clung, as though some mysterious influence held us to each other—then the angry guard struck me with the stock of his piece.

"What er ye standin' thar fer?" he demanded savagely. "Go on down—lively now."

I saw her clasping fingers convulsively grip the rail, and, even at that distance, marked a sudden flame of color in her cheeks. That was all her message to me, yet quite enough. Although we had never spoken, although our names were yet unknown, I was no criminal to her mind, no unrecognized prisoner beneath contempt, but a human being in whom she already felt a personal interest, and to whom she extended thought and sympathy. I continued entirely ignorant of the identity of the young woman. She remained in my memory, in my thoughts nameless, a dream rather than a reality. I did learn that the gay gallant was a wealthy Spaniard, supposedly of high birth, by name Sanchez, and at one time in the naval service, and likewise ascertained that the rotund planter was a certain Roger Fairfax of Saint Mary's in Maryland, homeward bound after a successful sale of his tobacco crop in London. It was during his visit to the great city that he had met Sanchez, and his praise of the colonies had induced the latter to essay a voyage in his company to America. But strange enough no one so much as mentioned the girl in connection with either man.

CHAPTER III.

Dorothy Fairfax.

We were not far from two hundred miles east of the Capes. I had been closely confined to my bunk for two days with illness, but now, somewhat stronger, had been ordered to deck by the surgeon. The last batch of prisoners, after their short hour of recreation, had been returned to the quarters below, but I was permitted to remain alone undisturbed.

I was still standing there absorbed when a voice, soft-spoken and feminine, broke the silence.

"May I speak with you?"

I turned instantly, so thoroughly surprised my voice faltered as I gazed into the upturned face of the questioner. She stood directly beside me, her head uncovered. Instantly my cap was off, and I was bowing courteously.

"Most certainly," with a quick side glance toward the guard, "but I am a prisoner."

"Of course I know that," in smiling confidence. "Only you see I am rather a privileged character on board. Perhaps you may be punished if you talk with me—is that what you meant?"

"I am more than willing to assume the risk. I have made few friends forward, and am even bold enough to say that I have longed for a word with you ever since I first saw you aboard."

"Why especially with me?"

"Rather a hard question to answer at the very beginning." I smiled back at her. "Yet not so difficult as the one I shall ask you. I am only one of fifty prisoners, scarcely cleaner or more reputable looking than any of my mates. Yet surely you have not sought speech with these others? Then why especially with me?"

Even in the growing dusk I could mark a red flush mount into the clear cheeks at this insistent question, and for an instant her eyes wavered. But she possessed the courage of pride, and her hesitancy was short.

"You imagine I cannot answer. Oh, but I can; I know who you are; my uncle pointed you out to me. I am traveling home with him to Maryland. I am Dorothy Fairfax. He was present at your trial before Lord Jeffries. You are Geoffry Carlyle, in command of the ship that brought Monmouth to England. I heard it all."

"All? What else, pray?"

Her eyes opened widely in sudden surprise and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"Do you really not know? Have you never been told what happened?"

"Only that I was roughly forbidden to speak, called every foul name the learned judge could think of, and then sentenced to twenty years penal servitude beyond seas," I answered soberly. "Following that I was dragged from the dock, and flung into a cell. Was there anything else?"

"Why you should have known. Lord Jeffries sentenced you to death; the decree was signed, to be executed immediately. Then influence was brought to bear—some nobleman in Northumberland made direct appeal to the king. That was what angered Jeffries so."

"An appeal! For me? Good God! not Buccleugh—was it he, the duke?"

"Yes; it was whispered about that the king was in his debt—some word of honor, and dare not refuse. The word of mercy came just in time, ordering Jeffries to commute your sentence. At first he swore he'd hang you, king or no king, but his nerve failed. My uncle said he roared like a bull. This Buccleugh; is he not your friend?"

I hesitated for an instant of indecision, looking into her face, but the truth would not be denied.

"Scarcely that," I said soberly. "Nor can I solve entirely his purpose. He is my brother, and I am the next in line. We are not even on speaking terms; yet he is childless, and may feel some measure of dislike to have the family end in a hangman's knot. I can think of no other reason for his interference. I knew nothing of his action."

"I am glad it became my privilege to tell you. Besides, Captain Carlyle," simply, "it may also help you to understand my interest. If you are of the Carlyles of Buccleugh, how happened it that you went to sea?"

"Largely necessity, and to some extent no doubt sheer love of adventure. I was a younger son, with very little income. There were then two lives between me and the estate, and the old duke, my father, treated me like a servant. I always loved the sea, and at fourteen—to get out of his sight, I think largely—was apprenticed to the navy, but lost my grade in the service by a mere boyish prank. His influence then would have saved me, but he refused to even read my letter of explanation. I dared not return home in such disgrace, and consequently drifted into the merchant service. It is a story quickly told."

"Yet not so quickly lived."

"No, it meant many hard years, on all the oceans of the world. This is the first message reaching me from the old home."

"I have seen that home," she said quietly, "and shall never forget the impression it made on me. A beautiful place. I was there on a coaching party, the first summer I was in England. I was a mere girl then, and everything seemed wonderful. I have been away from Maryland now for

"I Have Seen That Home."

three years. Nothing else would satisfy father. Maryland is only a colony, you know."

"Your home is at Saint Mary's?"

"Lower down the Potomac. Have you ever been there?"

"Twice; once as mate, and the last time as master of a ship. My latest voyage in these waters was made nearly two years ago."

"It is not so strange then, is it, that I should have felt interested in you?" she asked suddenly, as though justifying herself. "When Uncle Roger first told me who you were, and then explained what had occurred at your trial, naturally you became to me something entirely different from the others. Were you actually with Monmouth?"

"In sympathy, yes; but I had no hand in the actual fighting. I was not even ashore until it was all over with. Still I shall pay my share of the bill."

"And you know what that means, do you not? What will happen when we reach Virginia?"

"Perfectly; I have no illusions. I have seen just such ships as this come in. We are to be advertised, and sold to the highest bidder. A week from now I shall probably be out in the tobacco fields, under the whip of an overseer, who will call me Jeff. All I can hope for is a kind-hearted master, and an early opportunity to escape."

"Oh, no!" and in her eagerness her hands actually clasped mine. "It is not going to be quite so bad as that. That is what I wanted to tell you. That is what gave me boldness to come across here to you tonight. It has all been arranged. You are not going to be sold on the block with those others. Uncle Roger has already contracted with the captain for your services. You are going north with us to Maryland."

I drew a deep breath, and in the sudden impulse or relief which swept over me my own fingers closed tightly about her hands.

"I owe this to you; I am sure I must owe this to you—tell me?"

Her eyes dropped, and in the dim light I could mark the heaving of her bosom as she caught her breath.

"Only—only the suggestion," she managed to say in a whisper. "He—he was glad of that. You see I—I knew he needed someone to take charge of his sloop, and—and so I brought you to his mind. So please don't thank me."

"I shall never cease to thank you," I returned warmly, conscious suddenly that I was holding her hands, and as instantly releasing them. "It will save me the degradation which I dreaded most of all—the toiling in the fields beside negro slaves, and the sting of the lash. Ay, it means even more—"

I hesitated, instantly realizing that I must not utter those impetuous words leaping to my lips.

"More!" she exclaimed. "What more?"

"This," I went on, my thought shifting into a new channel. "A longer servitude. Up to this moment my one dream has been to escape, but I must give that up now. You have placed me under obligations to serve. Between us this has become a debt of honor."

"But wait," she said earnestly, "for I had even thought of that. I was sure you would feel that way—any gentleman would. Still there is a way. You were [illegible] as an indentured servant. I saw the entry myself. It read: 'Geoffry Carlyle, Master Mariner, indentured to the Colonies for the term of twenty years, unless sooner released; crime, high treason.' Any indentured man, under our Maryland laws, can buy his freedom, after serving a certain proportion of his sentence. Did you not know that?"

"I did know it, yet somehow had never connected the fact before directly with my own case. God! what a relief; I stood up straight once more in the stature of a man. I hardly know what wild words I might have spoken had the opportunity been mine; but at that instant the figure of a man crossed the deck toward us, emerging from the open cabin door. Against the gleam of yellow light I recognized the trim form advancing, and as instantly stepped back into shadow. My quick movement caused her to turn and face him.

"What!" he exclaimed, and evidently surprised at his discovery. "It is indeed Mistress Dorothy—out here alone? 'Twas my thought you were safely in your cabin long since. But—prithee—I mistake; you are not alone."

"I was preparing to go in," she answered, ignoring his latter words. "The night already looks stormy."

"But your friend?"

The tone in which he spoke was insistent, almost insolent in its demand, and she hesitated no longer in meeting the challenge.

"Your pardon, I am sure—Lieutenant Sanchez, this gentleman is Captain Geoffry Carlyle."

He stood there stiff and straight against the background of light, one hand in affected carelessness caressing the end of a waxed mustache. His face was in shadow, yet I was quite aware of the flash of his eyes.

"Ah, indeed—some passenger I have not chanced to observe before?"

"A prisoner," she returned distinctly. "You may perhaps remember my uncle pointed him out to us when he first came aboard."

"And you have been out here alone, talking with the fellow?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"Why the man is a felon, convicted of crime, sentenced to deportation."

"It is not necessary that we discuss this, sir," she interposed, rather proudly, "as my personal conduct is not a matter for your criticism. I shall retire now. No, thank you, you need not come."

He stopped still, staring blankly after her as she vanished; then wheeled about to vent his anger on me.

"Carlyle, hey!" he exclaimed sneeringly. "A familiar sound that name in my ears. One of the brood out of Buccleugh?"

"A cadet of that line," I managed to admit, wonderingly. "You know of them?"

"Quite as much as I care to," his tone ugly and insulting. Then an idea suddenly occurred to his mind. "Saint Guise, but that would even up the score nicely. You are, as I understand it, sent to Virginia for sale?"

"Yes."

"For how long a term?"

"The sentence was twenty years."

"Hell! and you go to the highest bidder. I'll do it, fellow! To actually own a Carlyle of Buccleugh will be a sweet revenge. 'Twill count for more than were I to tweak the duke's nose."

"A very noble plan for revenge," I admitted. "And one which I am not likely to forget. Unfortunately you come too late. It happens, senor, that I am already safely indentured to Roger Fairfax."

I turned away, but he called angrily after me:

"Do not feel so sure of that Carlyle! I am in the game yet."

CHAPTER IV.

Black Sanchez, Pirate.

I rested in my berth for a long time, staring blankly up at the dark deck above, unable to sleep, and endeavoring to figure out the true meaning of all these occurrences. I felt that I

"I Had Eight Months of It, Mate."

could understand the interest exhibited by Dorothy Fairfax, and, greatly as I already admired her, I was not egotist enough to even imagine that her effort to serve me had basis in any personal attraction. But what about Lieutenant Sanchez? Why was this unknown Spaniard already so openly my enemy? Could it be because of Dorothy Fairfax? I felt finally that I had the clue—jealousy, the mad, unreasoning jealousy of his race.

I had no false conception as to this; no vagrant thought that her interest in me was any more than a passing fancy, born of sympathy and a desire to aid. Nevertheless, as she had thus already served me, I now owed her service in return, and here was the first call. If conditions made it possible it was my plain duty to place myself between these two.

In the intensity of my feelings I must have unconsciously spoken aloud, for a shaggy head suddenly popped out from the berth beneath where I lay, and Haley's interested voice asked solicitously:

"Hy, thar; what's up, mate? Ye was mutterin' 'way thar an' not disturbin' me none, till ye got ter talkin' 'bout sum feller called Sanchez. Then I sorter got a bit interested. I know'd thet cuss onct," and he spat, as though to thus better express his feelings. "The d——d ornary pirate."

I laughed, my whole mental mood changed by this remark.

"Do you refer to 'Black Sanchez?' I've heard of him; were you ever in his hands?"

"Was I!" he laughed grimly. "I hed eight months of it, mate, and a greater demon never sailed. The things I saw done ye'd never believe no human bein could do. If ever thar was two people in one skin, sir, it's thet Black Sanchez. When he's playin' off fer good he's as soft an' sweet as a dandy in Piccadilly, an' when he's real he's like a devil in hell."

"Were you a prisoner—or did you sail under him?"

"Both, fer the matter o' thet. He give me the choice ter serve or walk the plank. I was eighteen, an' hed an o' mother at Deal."

"I see; but later got away?"

"Ay, I did thet," chuckling over the recollection. "But I hed ter wait eight months fer the luck." My neighbor went on to tell at great length the story of his escape.

"I had a shipmate once," I observed, interested in his story, "who claimed to have seen this fellow; he described him as being a very large man, with intensely black, hawklike eyes and a heavy black beard almost hiding his face."

"Maybe he looked like that when he saw him, but he ain't no bigger man than I am; he won't weigh as much by fifteen pound. Fact is he mighty seldom looks the same, fer thet's part o' his game. I've seen him in all sorts o' disguises. It's only his eyes he can't hide, an' thar's been times when I thought they was the ugliest eyes ever I saw. He's sure an ornary devil, an' when he gits mad, I'd rather be afront of a tiger. Besides fightin's his trade, an' no weaklin' ain't goin' ter control the sort o' chaps he's got ter handle. Most of 'em would murder him in a minute if they dared. Oh, he's bad all right, but yer wouldn't exactly think so, just ter look at him."

"What, then, does he really look like?"

"Oh, a sorter swashbucklin' Spanish don—the kind whut likes ter dress up an' play the dandy. He's got a pink an' white complexion, the Castilian kind, yer know, an' wears a little mustache, waxed up at the ends. I heard he was about forty-five; I reckon he must be thet, but he didn't look older than thirty."

Haley dropped off to sleep, but my mind continued to wander until it conjured up once again this West Indian pirate. His name and the story of his exploits had been familiar to me ever since I first went to sea. While only one among many operating in those haunted waters his resourcefulness, daring and cruelty had won him an infamous reputation, a name of horror. In those days, when the curse of piracy made the sea a terror, no ordinary man could ever have succeeded in attaining such supremacy in crime.

Black Sanchez—and Haley pictured him as a dandified, ordinary appearing individual, with white and red complexion, a small mustache and flashing dark eyes—a mere Spanish gallant, without special distinction. Why, that description, strangely enough, fitted almost exactly this fellow on board, this other Sanchez.

The suspicion which had crept into my mind was so absurd, so unspeakably silly and impossible that I laughed at myself and dismissed the crazy thought. Chuckling over it I finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

The Namur of Rotterdam.

The brig, with all sails set and favored by a strong wind, drew rapidly in toward the point of landing. The great majority of the prisoners remained on deck, chained together and helpless, yet surrounded by armed guards, while the few who had already been purchased by passengers humbly followed their new masters ashore the moment the gangplank touched the soil of Virginia. There were five of us altogether thus favored, but I was the only one owing allegiance to Roger Fairfax. The rude landing wharf along which we lay was already densely crowded. Altogether it was a bustling scene, full of change and color, the air noisy with shouting voices, the line of wharves filled with a number of vessels, either newly arrived or preparing to depart. It was with no small difficulty we succeeded in forcing our way through this jostling throng until we attained to an open space ashore. I followed closely behind the three composing our party, Roger Fairfax and Sanchez, with the laughing girl between them for protection. Fairfax was evidently well known to a number present, for he was being greeted on all sides with hearty handshakes and words of welcome.

We boarded the Fairfax sloop. The baggage was transferred. I worked with the Fairfax servants and it cut my pride to the quick. Out in the bay I was sent to the wheel.

Not another sail appeared across that surface of waters, not even a fisherman's boat, the only other vessel visible along our course being a dim outline close in against that far-away headland toward which I had been instructed to steer. I stared at this object, at first believing it a wreck, but finally distinguishing the bare masts of a medium-sized bark, evidently riding at anchor only a few hundred yards off shore.

The Spaniard presently pointed out to Fairfax the position of the bark.

"Surely a strange place in which to anchor, Lieutenant," said Fairfax. "Bark rigged and very heavily sparred. Seems to be all right. What do you make of the vessel?"

The Spaniard twisted his mustache but exhibited little interest, although his gaze was upon the craft.

"Decidedly Dutch, I should say," he answered slowly. "The beggars seem quite at home there, with all their washing out. Not a usual anchorage?"

"No, nor a particularly safe one. Travers' place is beyond the bend. We'll put up with him tonight. D——n me, Sanchez, I believe I'll hail the fellow and find out what he is doing in there."

Sanchez nodded, carelessly striking flint and steel in an effort to relight a cheroot.

We came about slowly. The distance to be covered was not great, and in less than ten minutes we were drawing in toward the high stern of the anchored vessel.

No evidence of life appeared on board, although everything looked shipshape alow and aloft, and a rather extensive wash flapped in the wind forward, bespeaking a generous crew. A moment later my eyes made out the name painted across the stern—Namur of Rotterdam.

Fairfax leaned far out across the rail as we swept in closer, but the Spaniard exhibited no particular interest in the proceedings. A hundred feet distant I held the dancing sloop

Continued on Page 3

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time table Revised Nov. 21, 1918.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston, week days, 5.35, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.13, 3.10, 5.06, 6.12 (for Fall River), 9.10 p.m.
Sundays—Leave Newport 6.55, 7.55, 11.10 a. m., 3.10, 5.06, 7.10 (for Fall River), 9.10 p. m.
Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 11.10 a. m., 1.13, 3.10, 5.06, 6.12 (Portsmouth only), 9.10 p. m.
Tiverton—5.35, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.13, 3.10, 5.06, 6.12, 9.10 p. m.
Middleboro—3.10 p. m.
Plymouth—3.10 p. m.
New Bedford—5.35, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.13, 3.10, 5.06, 9.10 p. m.
Providence (via Fall River)—5.35, 6.50, 8.15, 11.10 a. m., 1.13, 3.10, 5.06, 6.12, 9.10 p. m.

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

WOLVES OF THE SEA

to mere steerage-way, while Fairfax hailed.

A red-faced man with a black beard thrust his head up above the after rail and answered, using English, yet with a faint accent which was not Dutch.

"We ran down to see if you were in any trouble. This is a strange place to anchor. What are you—Dutch?"

The fellow waved his hands in a gesture indicating disgust.

"Dat's eet. Ve're ov Rotterdam—you see ze name ov ze sheep. But ve not sail frum thar dis time—no. Ve cum here from ze Barbadoes," he explained brokenly, "wiz cane sugar an' hides. Ve vait here for our agent."

"But why anchor in a place like this? Why not go on up to the wharves?"

"Vye not? For ziz—I no trust my crew ashore. Zay Vest Indy niggers, an' vud run away ven ze chance cum. I know vat zay do."

In spite of my efforts the two vessels were drifting rapidly apart. Dorothy appeared at the door of the cabin and stood there gazing in surprise at the bark, while the moment he caught sight of her Sanchez went hastily forward, removing his hat with so peculiar a flourish as he approached as to cause me to notice the gesture.

Fairfax waved his hand to me to resume our course. Shortly after he crossed the deck to the wheel. There he stood watching the bark for some time.

"What do you make of her, Carlyle?" he asked finally. "I believe that fellow lied."

"So do I, sir," I answered promptly. "Whatever else he may be, he's no peaceful Dutch trader. That fellow got his accent from south Europe. If he was loaded with cane sugar and hides for market he wouldn't be nearly so high out of water. That bark was in ballast or I miss my guess. Besides if he was a trader where was his crew? I tell you the men on board that hooker had orders to keep down."

"I believe you are right," he admitted frankly. "There is something wrong there. I'll tell Travers and have him send a runner overland to give warning below."

CHAPTER VI.

The Mysterious Sail.

Where I leaned alone against the rail my eyes followed the Spaniard in doubt and questioning, nor could I entirely banish from mind Haley's description of that buccaneer bearing a similar name. Yet, in spite of my unconscious desire to connect these two together, I found it simply impossible to associate this rather soft-spoken, effeminate dandy with that bloody villain.

It was already quite dusk when we finally drew in beside Travers' wharf and made fast. Our approach had been noted and Travers himself—a white-haired, white-bearded man, yet still hearty and vigorous, attired in white duck—was on the end of the dock to greet us, together with numerous servants of every shade of color, who immediately busied themselves toting luggage up the steep path leading toward the house, standing conspicuous amid a grove of trees on the summit of the bank. The others followed, four fellows lugging with difficulty an iron-bound chest, the two older men engaged in earnest conversation, thus leaving Sanchez apparently well satisfied with the opportunity alone to assist the girl.

Except to render the sloop completely secure for the night, there remained little work for us to perform on board. The four of us passed the early evening undisturbed smoking and talking together. So the time passed quickly, and it must have been nearly midnight before we brought out blankets from the forecastle and lay down in any spot we chose on deck.

It was a fair, calm night, but moonless, with but little wind stirring, and a slight haze in the air, obscuring the vision. The others must have fallen asleep immediately. At last, despairing of slumber, and perchance urged by some premonition of danger, I arose to my feet and moved silently aft.

My startled eyes caught a glimpse of a speck of white emerging from the black shadows—the spectral glimmer

Eyes Followed the Spaniard.

of a small sail. The strange craft swept past, so far out that those on board no doubt believed themselves beyond sight from the shore, heading apparently for a point of land, which I vaguely remembered as jutting out to the northward.

CHAPTER VII.

The Lieutenant Unmasked.

Where the craft could be bound; for what secret purpose it was afloat; who were aboard, were but so many unanswerable questions arising in my mind. Where could it have come from, unless from that strange Dutch bark? If it really came from the Namur of Rotterdam had it been sent in answer to some signal by Sanchez? I could think of nothing else. I determined to assure myself as to the identity of these strangers. If they had actually landed it would require only a few moments to ascertain the truth. The distance proved somewhat greater than anticipated, because of the deep curve in the shore and I had nearly reached the conclusion that the boat must have rounded the point and gone on when suddenly I was brought to a halt by a voice speaking in Spanish—one of those harsh croaking voices never to be reduced to a whisper.

"Not the spot Manuel? Of course it is; do you not suppose I know? This is the place and now there is nothing to do but wait. The senor—he will be here presently."

"Ay, unless you misread the signal," a somewhat more discreet but piping voice replied doubtfully. "I saw nothing of all you tell about, Estada."

The two men went on to discuss plans evidently communicated to Estada by Sanchez from England. I was about to creep nearer, when a newcomer moved past me scarcely a yard distant, along the narrow strip of sand. Directly opposite my covert he paused.

"Estada." He spoke the name cautiously.

"Ay, captain," and another figure emerged noiselessly from the gloom. "We await you."

"Good. I rather questioned if you caught my signal. I was watched and obliged to exercise care. How many have you here?"

"Four, senor, with Manuel Estevan."

"Quite sufficient. How is it here? Are there suspicions?"

"None, senor. We have cruised outside most of the time. There is no warships in these waters. You said you were being watched on the sloop. Are you known?"

"A dog of a servant who came over with us—one of Monmouth's brood. The fellow watches me like a hawk. We had some words aboard and there is hate between us."

"May I ask your plans, senor?"

"Yes, I am here to explain. This planter, Fairfax, has returned from England with a large sum. It is in gold and notes. It represents the proceeds of the tobacco crop of himself and a number of his neighbors. Without doubt it will be upward of fifty thousand pounds. This still remains in his possession, but a part will be dispersed tomorrow; so if we hope to gain the whole we must do so now. Everything is ready, and there is not the slightest suspicion of danger—not even a guard set over the treasure."

"Then it is at the house?"

"In an iron-bound chest, in the room assigned to Fairfax for the night. Only two servants sleep in the main house, the cook and a maid, both women. Fairfax is vigorous and will put up a fight if he has any chance. He must be taken care of before he does have any. Travers is an old man, to be knocked out with a blow. All we have to fear are those fellows on the sloop, and they will have to be attended to quietly without any alarm reaching the house. I am going to leave that job to you—it's not your first."

"The old sea orders, captain?"

"Ay, that will be quicker and surer." The voice hardened to sudden ferocity. "But, mark you, with one exception—the Englishman is not to be killed, if he can be taken alive. I would deal with him."

"Then after that," Sanchez went on deliberately, as though murder was of small account, "you will follow me up the bluff. Who are the others with you?"

"Carl Anderson, Pedro Mendez and Cochose."

"Well chosen; Mendez is the least valuable, and we will leave him with the prisoner at the boat. The big negro, Cochose, together with Manuel, can attend to Travers and the two negresses—they sleep below. That will leave you and the Swede to get the chest. No firearms if they can be avoided. I have been over the house and drawn a diagram. You can look it over in the cabin of the sloop. The stairs lead up from the front hall. I will go with you to the door of Fairfax's room."

"And you, senor—the girl?"

"What know you of any girl?"

"That there was one on the deck of the sloop—an English beauty. It was when you turned to greet her that you gave me the signal. I merely thought that perhaps—"

"Then stop thinking," burst forth Sanchez enraged. "Thinking has nothing to do with your work. If there is a girl I attend to her. Let that suffice. Dios! am I chief here, or are you? You have my orders; now obey them and hold your tongue. Bring the men up here."

The little band of men emerged from the concealment of the fog noiselessly. I could distinguish no faces, scarcely indeed the outlines of their separate forms in the gloom, but one was an unusually big fellow—Cochose.

"Lads," he said incisively, a sharper note of leadership in the tone "it has been a bit quiet for you lately; but now I am back again, and we'll try our luck at sea once more."

There was a savage growl of response, a sudden leaning forward of dark figures.

"We'll begin on a job tonight. There are fifty thousand pounds for us in that house yonder, and I waive my share. Estada will explain to you the work I want done. By daylight we shall be on blue water, with our course set for Porto Grande. How is it, bullies, do you sniff at the salt sea?"

"Ay, ay, captain."

"And see the pretty girls waiting—and hear the chink of gold?"

"Ay, senor."

"Then do not fail me tonight—and remember it is to be the knife. Estada, I have forgotten one thing—scuttle the sloop before joining me. 'Tis better to make all safe; and now, strong arms, and good luck. Go to your task, and if one fails me it will mean the lash at the mast-butt."

They moved off one by one, Estada leading, along the narrow strip of sand, five of them, on their mission of murder. The leader remained alone, his back toward where I crouched, his eyes following their vanishing figures until the night had swallowed them.

To be continued

CONDEMNED

Mrs. Noowedd—Did you try that cake I baked this morning, dear?

Noowedd—Yes, pet—and found it guilty.

KEEP SICK FOWLS SEPARATE

When Disease Appears in Flock Place Ailing Birds by Themselves and Clean Up.

When disease appears in a flock of chickens the sick fowls should be separated and placed to themselves. If any have died they should be burned or buried. The house and yards should be disinfected and a hunt begun immediately for the cause of the trouble. Conditions should be corrected as quickly as possible to prevent its continuance.

GOOD QUALITIES OF ROOSTER

More Apt to Be Carried to Females Than Males—Hens Always Take After Sire.

Roosters from high-priced layers are more apt to carry these qualities to their young than are hens of the same breeding. This is because in all animal life the male resembles the dam more than it does the sire and the female just reverse.

SELECT HENS FOR BREEDERS

Choose Individuals That Are Layers and Meet Standard Requirements as Far as Possible.

In selecting for egg production include in the breeding pen hens that laid in November, December and January. Choose individuals having constitutional vigor and meeting standard requirements so far as possible.

Natural Nutria.

Natural nutria is much used on childish costumes this season. It is a pretty fur, something like natural beaver, but not nearly as expensive. It is made up into fetching little cravats, collars and caps—with round childish muffs to match, of course. A muff is just the indispensable completing touch to any wee maid's winter costume. Little caps in the rakish fore-and-aft shape of the overseas army service cap are made of nutria and are matched by collars and muffs.

Hopeful.

"Gadspur looks more cheerful these days than I have seen him in a long time."

"Yes,' poor fellow, I hate to disillusion him, so I avoid him as much as possible."

"What do you mean?"

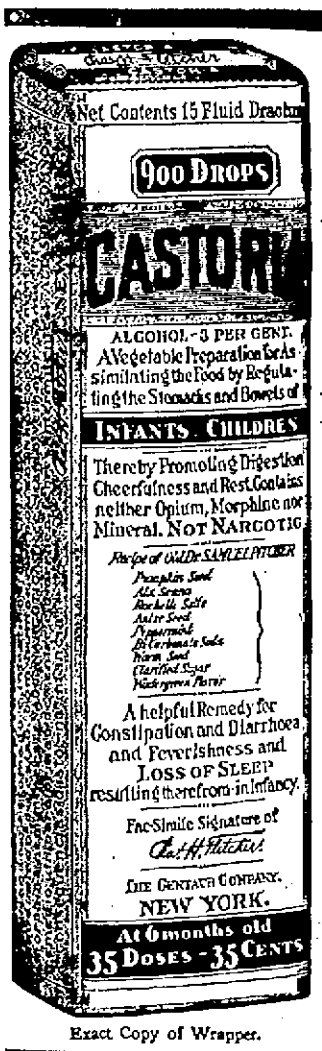
"He thinks because the war is over the cost of living will soon come down and he will be able to live on his salary again."

The Worse the Better.

Grocer—I can't guarantee those 60-cent eggs, madam.

Customer—No matter; I want 'em for when the neighbors come borrowing—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA



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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

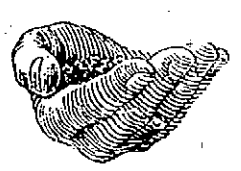
"Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed ... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves."

Your smoke enjoyment depends as much on the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco.

Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—*chocolate!* That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo—the perfect tobacco—

"Your Nose Knows."



Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—***"Your Nose Knows."***

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

BOSTON, THE CAPITAL OF NEW ENGLAND

and the Mecca of thousands who visit its Historic Shrines, Beautiful Churches, Art and Literary Treasures and Attractive Suburbs, extends the welcome hand to all visitors.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL

Favorably known as such, for more than three-quarters of a century, is still in the front rank of the Country's leading hotels, and with its up-to-date conveniences, moderate charges, and liberal management, holds the patronage of the business man, savant and tourist.

New Note in Street Music.

A new note in street music is struck in the Strand, where a performer on a piano-organ exhibits a placard stating that he is an ex-convict who has done four years. There are also statements as to police supervision and the instrumentalist's desire to do well; and, as a guarantee of good faith, the placard concludes with the address of his firm of solicitors and of his medical attendant.—London Chronicle.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Removing Paint From Glass.

Ordinary commercial ammonia is a quite efficient remover of paint, especially from glass. Apply with a cloth swab. Within 15 or 20 minutes the paint will be so softened that it may easily be rubbed off with a putty-knife or a coarse fabric.

Two Bites and a Sup.

While many of our familiar comparisons have been scrapped by modern conditions, new comparisons are taking their places—for example: "As quickly over as a movie meal."—Boston Transcript.

Special Bargains!

We offer our entire line of Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics at 20 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,
184 Thames Street
NEWPORT, R. I.

LOOSE LEAF BINDERS

We handle the famous I-P Line of Loose Leaf Binders and Forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

1700 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Holders, and Patent Steel Ledgers.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,
182 THAMES ST.

NOTICE

OFFICE OF
Newport Gas Light Co
181 THAMES ST.

No Coke will be sold or orders received for same until further notice.

Newport Gas Light Co.

Music as Health Aid.

Doctor Saleeby, the British eugenics advocate, suggests that the new ministry of health should have a special department to deal with recreation. The department should take London choirs and choral societies singing, in which all could engage. In his view this department would keep the young persons off the streets and out of the saloons.

A scheme for a confederation of London choirs and choral societies with the idea of directing the masses in the celebration of national rejoicings instead of the senseless mafficking that was in evidence on armistice night is being considered by several musicians.

Welcome News.

Mayor Woodman was speaking about the results that have accrued from the merging of the two telephone systems. "It's a wonderful improvement," he remarked, "and I laugh when I think of the old days. It reminds me of the man who was called out of bed at three o'clock in the morning to answer a phone call.

"'Hello, hello,' he yelled, all wrought up.

"'There is nobody on the line now,' said central sweetly.

"'Glad you woke me up and told me about it,' retorted the man, 'it's the first time I ever knew this line to be idle.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Egg Production.

The average production of eggs by hens of all kinds and ages in the United States is 85. Unselected White Leghorns, however, produce an average of 130 eggs for the first year, 120 for the second, 110 for the third, 85 for the fourth, and fall off about ten a year up to the eighth. These figures are from a bulletin of the Utah experiment station. If the first year production be low the second will be high and vice versa, the total production for three years being about the same.

Kipling's Fame.

The vogue of Kipling today is not what it once was. Fewer find fellowship with those descendants of Bardolph, Nym and Pistol, the Soldiers Three. His rough-hewn verse was largely topical and ephemeral. His latter-day songs detracted from his fame. His stories have come and gone and await the judgment of time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Inconstancy Ever Unpopular.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.—Addison.

More or Less?

Hickop had decided to turn over a new leaf, and he couldn't help letting everybody know. "I have resolved for the New Year," he said, feeling if his halo was on straight, "that I shall not drink any more." "But, my dear fellow," protested a Doubting Thomas, "you couldn't drink any more. The point is have you resolved to drink any less?"—London Answers.

Established by Franklin in 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1030

Saturday, March 1, 1919

With the President in Europe and the present Congress dead, the country ought to have peace for a time.

A Massachusetts man will, without much doubt, be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. The last Speaker to hail from the Bay State was Gen. Banks.

The increased cost of running the Providence street railroad under the trusteeship was nearly one million dollars, or to be exact, the deficit was $777,523.61. This shows how much more expensive all public utilities are under public than under private control.

Boston people are at last happy. The President landed there on his visit to this country on Monday and now the 26th Division of the overseas army has been ordered to debark at Boston. The rest of the world will soon have to take its hats off to the Hubites

The Governors of all the States and the Mayors of more than 100 cities are invited to meet the President next Tuesday and he will then try to convert them to his pet scheme of league of nations. He apparently proposes to coerce the recalcitrant Senators, willy-nilly.

The President proposes to go it alone. Above all things, he does not want a Republican Congress on his hands, so he declines to call an extra session at present. This Congress dies by statute next Tuesday. The next Congress will be of a different complexion politically.

Sixteen Massachusetts suffragists were sent to jail for eight days because they refused to get out of the way when the President came to town. They immediately went on a hunger strike, refusing the bread and cocoa offered them. The next foolish move will be something else. The cause of woman suffrage is not helped by such procedure.

The casualty list continues to come in each day, notwithstanding the war has been over for four months. It is now generally believed that the authorities did not dare to report so big a list while the war was going on. The charges of needless slaughter of our boys are growing more and more frequent and apparently many of them are well founded.

On the sixth page of this week's Mercury will be found some very interesting articles, one by Mr. A. O'D. Taylor on Lawton's Valley, one of the beauty spots of our Island; and the other on some early Newporters who were driven out of the biggoted Massachusetts Colony for their religious beliefs. They found a haven on the Island and were among its most valued first settlers.

The Republican members-elect of the next National House of Representatives on Thursday nominated Frederic H. Gillett of the Springfield district in Massachusetts, as the next Speaker of the House. Gillett had 138 votes, Mann, the old Republican war horse from Illinois, had 69, and there were 18 scattering. Gillett has been 24 years member of the House and is regarded as an able man.

DAYLIGHT SAVING

Four weeks from tomorrow, or on Sunday, March 30, unless the law is repealed, the summer daylight saving law goes into effect. The clocks will then be put forward one hour. This law worked well last year. It caused a great saving to the country in many ways. In fact, it was one of the few good laws this Congress has passed, and we certainly hope it will not spoil the good work so well begun last year by repealing the law this year. It is reported that some of the Western farmers and others who work "from sun to sun," are asking that the law be repealed. The sentiment of the country is overwhelmingly in favor of the law as it stands.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The daily sessions of the General Assembly continue to be only brief, and business is very quiet. The House has a number of bills of more or less importance under consideration in committees, and when these come out the sessions will be longer. Several bills have been introduced in regard to the matter of State printing, one requiring all State printing to be done within the State, and another providing for the submission to the electors of a proposition to build a plant for the State to do its own printing. The Sunday baseball act has not yet been reported from committee, but it is expected that some act of this nature will come out on the floor before the session is over.

INCOME TAX DUE

Returns Must Be Filed On or Before March 15

Bill Povides Heavy Penalties

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25.—Work on the collection of $8,000,000,000 has been begun by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. This is the estimated yield of the new revenue bill. The income tax provisions of the act reach the pocketbook of every single person in the United States whose net income for 1918 was $1,000 or more, and of every married person whose net income was $2,000 or more. Persons whose net income equalled or exceeded these amounts, according to their marital status, must file a return of income with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which they live on or before March 15.

Here is what will happen to them if they don't: for failure to file a return on time, a fine of not more than $1,000 and an additional assessment of 25 per cent. of the amount of tax due.

For "wilfully refusing" to make a return on time, a fine not exceeding $10,000, or not exceeding one year's imprisonment, or both.

For making a false or fraudulent return, a fine of not more than $10,000 or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both, together with an additional assessment of 50 per cent. of the amount of tax evaded.

For failure to pay the tax on time, a fine of not more than $1,000 and an additional assessment of 5 per cent. of the amount of tax unpaid, plus 1 per cent. interest for each full month during which it remains unpaid.

In addition to the $1,000 and $2,000 personal exemptions, taxpayers are allowed an exemption of $200 for each person dependent upon them for chief support if such person is under eighteen years of age and incapable of self-support. Under the 1917 act, this exemption was allowed only for each dependent "child". The head of a family—one who supports one or more persons closely connected with him by blood relationship, relationship by marriage, of by adoption—is entitled to all exemptions allowed a married person.

The normal rate of tax under the new act is 6 per cent. of the first $4,000 of net income above the exemptions, and 12 per cent. of the net income in excess of $4,000. Incomes in excess of $5,000 are subject also to a surtax ranging from 1 per cent. of the amount of the net income between $5,000 and $6,000 to 65 per cent. of the net income above $1,000,000.

Payment of the tax may be made in full at the time of filing return or in four instalments, on or before March 15, on or before June 15, on or before September 15, and on or before December 15.

Revenue officers will visit every county in the United States to aid taxpayers in making out their returns. The date of their arrival and the location of their offices may be ascertained by inquiring at offices of collectors of internal revenue, postoffices and banks. Failure to see these officers, however, does not relieve the taxpayer of his obligations to file his return and pay his tax within the time specified by law. In this case taxpayers must seek the Government, not the Government the taxpayer.

THE HOUSE SHORTAGE

A most illuminating "statistic" comes from Washington: the United States government has within the last few months expended between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000 for housing, and, broadly speaking, there are hardly any houses to show for it. Beyond a few temporary dwellings of more or less attractive exterior, erected to accommodate special groups of war workers, this staggering sum has gone a-glimmering. It is true, however, that bureaus have been created, carrying with them jobs. There is the bureau of industrial housing and transportation of the shipping board, and there is the bureau of housing and transportation of the department of labor. There are, doubtless, state bureaus engaged in what is called "co-operating," a phrase used to cover a multitude of inefficiencies. But where are the houses?—Boston Herald.

We have some very striking examples in this part of the world which show very plainly where a portion of that two hundred millions has been thrown into the dump heap. Possibly more money spent in building houses and less spent in speculating about them would be the wiser policy. Two hundred million dollars would shelter quite a fraction of those now homeless.

GERMAN BRAG

Here is the text of a letter issued by the German Commander, Von Hindenburg, just before his last big drive when he was going to bring sure victory to the Huns:

"We have crushed the Italians; they are knocked out for good. Now is the time to march against our hereditary enemies, the French. France is the wealthiest country in the world. Every one of you is entitled to compensate himself for all the privations he has suffered during this war. Everyone may keep whatever he can lay hands upon. This is part of warfare. But it is imperative that everything shall proceed with the rapidity of lightning. This is most essential. The faster we advance the more we shall be able to take from the French."

Thanks largely to the Yankees Von Hindenburg met on that "advance," the despoiling of France was brought to a speedy end.

W. T. WILSON

EYES EXAMINED
GLASSES FITTED

35 YEARS ON MATHEWSON STREET

Third Floor
TURK'S HEAD BUILDING

Providence - R. I.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at McCorrie School with appropriate exercises, arranged by the teacher, Miss Flora L. Phinney. Among those who took part were Margaret Martin, Hope Manchester, Lillian Kane, Benjamin Sherman, 2d, Gideon Almy, Jr., Frank Virdinia, Alpheus Burroughs, Alton Sherman, Cornelia and Louisa Anthony, Georgia Elkins, Annie Napier, Mary Lopez, Annie Saddington, Mary Silvia. There were exercises in which the third and fourth grades took part and there was singing by the school.

Mrs. John A. Elliott gave a party Saturday in honor of the 9th birthday of her grand-daughter, Roberta Elliott.

Miss Annie Almy of New York has been here to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Almy, and has now returned to New York. She was accompanied by Mrs. Frederick A. Coggeshall, who will spend a week with Miss Almy.

Mrs. David B. Anthony entertained the Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on Washington's Birthday. There were several guests present. Miss Louise Chase sang a group of patriotic songs, and there was general singing. A sweater was exhibited, which was knit by a member of the Chapter and presented to Mr. Henry Mosher, who has recently returned here after spending a year overseas. The sweater went to camp with Mr. Mosher, then overseas. It has been soaked in the trenches and caught on wire entanglements in No Man's Land, and it went over the top and into the German trenches. It has now been presented to the Chapter as a souvenir of the great war. Mrs. Phebe E. T. Manchester, the regent, accepted the gift with appropriate remarks. Cakes and sherbert were served.

At the regular meeting of Portsmouth Grange the first and second degrees were conferred upon eight candidates. Supper was served.

Miss Ethel Plummer, who has been seriously ill, is improving. Mr. Lewis B. Plummer, who has been ill with pneumonia at the home of his sister, Mrs. Marshall B. Cornine, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is recovering.

The Quaker Hill and the Newtown schools have been awarded achievement badges by the State Board of Agriculture, as they have creditably completed their projects in the poultry clubs organized in the schools here.

Miss Elizabeth Rose and Miss Alice N. Brayton have been visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Thomas Buchannan, of Quincy, Mass.

Mr. Henry Mosher, who has been overseas for about a year, has returned to this country and has been spending a short furlough here. He has been over the top, and was gassed. He spent three months in a hospital in France and is now much improved and his complete recovery is hoped for soon. He returned to Camp Devens on Wednesday.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Co. is preparing to rebuild the station at Melville which was destroyed by fire last week. The former station was insured for about $4,000.

Mrs John R. Manchester entertained the ladies of St. Mary's church Thursday, when they met for Red Cross sewing.

Mrs. David B. Anthony entertained the Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at a whist party on Monday afternoon. Mrs. William F. Brayton won the prize, an apron. Next week Mrs. William B. Mott will entertain a card party for the Chapter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan W. Jones (Miss Barbara Norman of this town) have arrived in St. Louis, after an extended honeymoon in the South, and have taken up their residence there. Mr. Jones is an officer in a trust company there.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Fish has been entertaining his brother, Mr. Joseph H. Fish of Fall River.

There was a large attendance at the Methodist church on Tuesday evening, when a Community sing was held there. Mr. Charles B. Ashley was the leader, Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley accompanied on the organ, and Messrs. H. Chester Hedley of this town, Frank Howell of Tiverton and Walter Lowden of Newport played violins. Mr. Harry Cross sang a solo and the male quartette composed of Messrs. C. B. Ashley, H. C. Hedley, Sydney Hedley and William Cross, sang one selection.

There was a very enjoyable dance at Oakland Hall on Tuesday evening, although many were disappointed because the masquerade which was announced could not take place because of some misunderstanding in procuring a license.

Mr. Arthur L. Borden is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Leland Holt of New York city.

Mr. Gideon W. Almy has bought the place belonging to the late Robert W. Almy at the head of Glen street. The new owner has begun making improvements and will later move there.

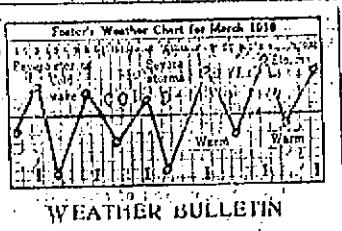
The ex-Kaiser expects soon to be back in control of the Huns. It is a pity that he could not have been tried, condemned and executed before this and thus put an end to his causing more trouble to the world.

Signs of Mourning.

In Italy the women wear white garments to show their grief, and the men clothes of brown hue. In China white is used for mourning by both sexes. In Turkey, Syria, Cappadocia and Armenia celestial blue is the usual tint. In Egypt yellowish brown, the hue of the dead leaf, is deemed proper; and in Ethiopia the natives wear gray as the emblem of mourning.

Why Delay?

"Take this medicine," said the young doctor. "If it doesn't cure you, come back in a few days and I shall give you something that will." The patient pocketed the dope reluctantly. In a few moments he returned. "If you don't mind, doc, I'll take some of that that will cure me right away."



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1919.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent March 2 to 6 and 8 to 12, warm waves March 1 to 5 and 7 to 11, cool waves 3 to 7 and 9 to 13. This will be a severe storm followed by a blizzard in the middle northwest. The cold wave will be the most severe of this month and about half the precipitation of the month will come with it. Another cold wave will cross meridian 90 about March 16 but the warm wave preceding it will not be so warm as the one to cross meridian 90 near March 8.

Did you notice how perfectly I foretold the greatest storm of the winter which, as predicted, was crossing meridian 90 on Feb. 15? It was a sure-enough blizzard as predicted.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about March 11 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of March 12, plains sections 13, meridian 90, great lakes, middle Gulf states and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 14, eastern sections 15, reaching vicinity of New Foundland about March 16.

Temperatures of this period will average lower than usual and the storm will be the second greatest of the month. Very severe weather will also occur near March 8 near meridian 90 and drift eastward.

I still advise farmers and planters not to sell grain or cotton at reduced prices. The big profiteers have set their traps to get the grain at low prices and then compel consumers to pay double what the profiteers paid.

I also advise farmers and planters that prices will be high for everything they can produce this year. But they should thoroughly organize to protect their rights. All other interests are organized. Farmers, planters, live stock people, merchants, bankers, of the agricultural sections should pull together; they are all in the same boat. The millionaire profiteers are the enemy of all, including consumers who are not producers. Autocracy of the world is on its last legs and only the big profiteers remain to be put to flight. Everything is coming our way.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Mrs. Harry E. Peckham entertained the Paradise Club at the regular meeting. The subject was "A Destroyer in Actual Service." There was music and during the afternoon refreshments were served.

Mr. Lyman Barker is having repairs made to his cottage on Paradise avenue. The house was badly damaged by fire soon after Mr. and Mrs. Barker went to Newport, where they have been spending the winter

Col. H Anthony Dyer of Providence gave an intensely interesting address at St. George's School at the Washington Birthday celebration on Saturday.

Miss Grace Anthony of Lincoln, R.I., has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony, of Wyatt Road.

News has been received of the birth of a daughter on Feb. 22d to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Dennis of Portsmouth, Virginia. Mrs. Dennis was formerly Miss Alznida Coggeshall of this town.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Swan died Friday after a brief illness. The funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. Richard Swan of Newport.

Mr. Stephen Wyatt, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wyatt, died at the Naval Hospital at Chelsea on Friday morning. Mr. Wyatt had been ill with influenza which developed into pneumonia. It was found necessary to perform an operation and he did not recover from this. He was serving in the merchant marine, having enlisted only a short time ago. Mr. Wyatt had previously been employed at the Torpedo Station and at a ship-building plant in Newark, N. J. He was 21 years of age and is survived by his parents and one brother, George Wyatt of Newark, New Jersey. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. George W. Manning conducted the services. A quartette—Mrs. Ida M. Brown, Mrs John H. Peckham, Mr. J. H. Peckham and Mr W. J. Peckham—sang two selections. The bearers were William H. Smith, Arthur C. Brigham, Arthur P. Sisson, and Millard Brigham. The interment was in the Methodist Cemetery. There were many lovely floral tributes.

Deaths.

In this city, 23d ult., at the residence of her sister, Mrs. M. A. McCormick, Mary T., daughter of the late William H. and Margaret A. Maher.

In Providence, Feb. 27, Margaret, daughter of Edward H. and the late Annie A. Stafford, aged 2 years, 5 months.

In Providence, 24th ult., Delia, wife of Emmett Cleary, of this city.

At the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stevens, Georgetown, Conn., February 22, 1919, Fannie Stevens, wife of Harry I. Lowndes, aged 27 years.

In Chelsea, Mass., 21st ult., Stephen S., son of William B. and Lizzie G. Wyatt, in his 22d year.

Weekly Almanac—MARCH—1919

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water Morn	High Water Eve
1 Sat	6 22	5 35	5 31	6 39	7 00
2 Sun	6 20	5 36	sets	7 24	7 44
3 Mon	6 19	5 37	7 27	8 09	8 30
4 Tues	6 17	5 38	8 42	8 54	9 17
5 Wed	6 15	5 39	9 57	9 42	10 15
6 Thur	6 14	5 41	11 10	10 34	11 01
7 Fri	6 12	5 42	mo.	11 29	

New Moon, Mar. 2 6.11m. morning
First quarter Mar. 8 10.14m. evening
Full Moon, Mar. 16 10.41m. morning
Last quarter, Mar 24 3.34m. evening
New Moon, Mar. 31 5.05m. evening

Oyster Mystery Explained.

We are told that oysters are sensitive to extremes of heat. Which explains why you run across so few of the little darlings in a bowl of soup.—Knoxville Journal.

A BILL TO PROMOTE AMERICANISM

A bill was introduced in the State House of Representatives on Thursday by Mr. Eaton of Providence, which possesses much merit. It is entitled "A Bill to Promote Americanism," and calls upon all the towns in the State both by evening and day schools, to provide for the teaching of the English language free of cost to all foreigners who come to this country. Section one of this act provides that one or more public evening schools, in which attendance shall be free for persons resident or employed in the town in which such school shall be located, and in which the speaking, reading and writing of the English language shall be taught for two hours on each of at least one hundred nights between the first of September and the first of June in each year, shall be established and maintained by the school committee of every town in which twenty or more persons more than sixteen years of age who cannot speak, read and write the English language are resident or employed.

The bill further provides that every person who has completed sixteen years of life, and who has not completed twenty-one years of life, and who cannot speak, read and write the English language with reasonable facility, and who resides or is employed in a town in which the school committee has established a day continuation school for the teaching of the English language, or an evening school, shall attend either the day continuation school or the evening school at least two hundred hours between the first day of September and the first day of June in every year until he shall have acquired reasonable facility in speaking, reading and writing the English language in accordance with such standards as may be established by the State board of Education. For the purpose of this act day continuation or evening schools may be established in shops or factories, provided that such schools are under control and supervision of the school committee.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Club Entertains

A steak supper was tendered to Representative Henry K. Littlefield Saturday night by the Chess and Checker Club at their quarters on Main street. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Party and Dance

An old-fashioned party and dance was held Wednesday night at the home of Private Jasper Mitchell at the Center. The affair was held as an informal reception to Private Mitchell, who has just returned from overseas service. After a period of games and music a series of square dances was enjoyed until the early morning hours. Refreshments were served during the evening. The affair was attended by a large number of young people who were conveyed in automobiles and carriages from all corners of the Island.

Drawn on Jury

Sheriff Andrew V. Willis served summons on William P. Lewis and Eugene Millikin today to appear to the petit jury next Monday in Newport.

Evangelist Returns

Rev. Ernest Webber of Central Falls returned to the Island today. He will conduct services each night at the Center Methodist Church for a period of ten days.

Councilman Napoleon B. Rose and Mrs. Rose left Monday for a few days visit to their daughter, Mrs. Harry W. Millikin, of Long Meadow, who has recently been the recipient of a ten-pound boy—Harry W., Junior.

Schuyler C. Ball

Schuyler C. Ball of Block Island, youngest son of the late Nicholas Ball and Eliza Millikin Ball, died at his residence in Newburyport, Mass., Monday, February 17, after a long illness. Some years ago Mr. Ball's health began to fail and in 1914 he retired from business, selling his interest in the Ocean View Hotel to his brother, Cassius C. Ball.

December 23, 1861, Schuyler Colfax Ball was born at the old Adrian House, Block Island. As a boy he attended the Island public schools, becoming a pupil of the Island High School when it was first started by Arthur W. Brown of Kingston, R. I. Later he attended Boston Latin School and finished his education by a trip abroad in 1882 and 1883 with Dr. Orrison Swett Marden.

As a vocation, owing to his father's large hotel, Mr. Ball naturally chose the hotel business. For many years he was a manager of Ocean View Hotel and after his father's death in 1896 became part owner. As proprietor of the Colonnades, Seabreeze, Florida, he was eminently successful.

Mr. Ball married Feb. 3, 1886, in Haverhill, Mass., Lena Walters Bartlett, whose ancestors came to this country in 1634. In the eighties and nineties, before his wife's family moved to Newburyport, Mr. Ball spent several months of each year in Haverhill, connecting himself there with the order of Masons and taking there the thirty-second degree.

In 1906 he represented Block Island in the State Legislature.

Mr. Ball will long be remembered by his friends and associates as one who could appreciate in an unusual degree the humorous. He was fond of good stories, limericks and witticisms and was a great player of jokes himself.

He was a member of the First Baptist Church of New Shoreham.

Mr. Ball leaves a wife, Lena Bartlett Ball, a brother, Cassius C. Ball of Block Island, a sister, Mrs. Frank C. Cundall of Jacksonville, Florida; also his stepmother, Mrs. Nicholas Ball of Block Island.

The funeral was at his late residence, 360 High street, Newburyport, Mass., Feb. 19. His burial was in the Bartlett family lot in Lynnwood cemetery, Haverhill.

Belief that Connecticut river navigation above Hartford is doomed unless Congress shall agree upon a compromise to the general dam bill was expressed in the annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Waterways Association at Springfield.

The New England Iron and Hardware Association held its 26th annual banquet at the Hotel Somerset Boston with more than $5,100,000,000 in the heavy steel, hardware and jobbing interests represented. It was a victory banquet. Charles W. Henderson, president of the association presided.

About $5,000 worth of liquors were seized at Boston by Federal authorities on the steamer Kershaw of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company. The steamer was about to leave for Norfolk, Va. It is claimed that the liquor was taken aboard by members of the crew. Officials of the company and the captain of the steamer assisted the authorities in rounding up the bottles.

Naval officers at Newport, R. I., announce that the "mystery ship" Charles Whittemore would be stripped of her naval equipment and returned to her owner, Charles Bowles of Rockland, Me., from whom she was chartered for the duration of the war. The Whittemore, a four-masted schooner, had concealed in her hold full torpedo apparatus and went in search of German submarines, hoping to be attacked. She did not succeed in encountering any enemy ship.

Officers were re-elected. On the board of directors Harrison B. Freeman was chosen to succeed E. Hart Fenn of Wethersfield, Ct.; Frank McElwain of Holyoke and Charles H. Beckwith of this city to succeed the late T. W. Leete and Emerson W. Oatley, both of this city; Martin A. Brown of Lincoln, N. H., was chosen to place of Winston Churchill of Cornish, N. H., and E. C. Robertson of Hinsdale, N. H., in place of Philip W. Ayres of Concord, N. H.

The Committee on Public Health gave a hearing on two bills, one introduced by Rep. Bean of Minot and the other by Rep. Hussey of Blaine, which would not only prohibit the manufacture and sale of cigarettes in Maine, but the smoking of them as well. Rep. Bean said he introduced his bill at the request of some traveling men and he declared that he regarded cigarettes as exceedingly harmful to young boys and that their use should be stopped.

Mr. Wheeler said there are fully 1,500,000 acres of good land in Massachusetts that could be used in such an undertaking. He showed that many Portuguese and Poles have settled on farms here and are making them pay. The present scarcity of farm labor he attributed largely to the fact that farmers have not paid sufficient attention to providing decent places for their employes to live in and have not treated them properly.

The proposal to create a commission, to investigate and report a plan for developing the Mystic river and its tributaries by straightening, deepening and widening the channel above, Wellington bridge and draining adjacent marshlands was supported by officials of Medford, Malden, Somerville and other municipalities in the valley of the river, before the Massachusetts legislative committee on waterways and terminals would cost about $5,000,000.

Lieut. Roger W. Rowland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sleigh Rowland of Springfield, Mass., one of the most popular of American aviators, has returned to this city. Lieut. Rowland, who has three Hun planes to his credit officially and who is unofficially accredited with drowning 13 planes, was flight leader with the 27th Aero Squadron of the 1st Pursuit Group. He was the only member of his flight of eight men left in the unit when the war ended, six of the aviators having fallen victims to the Huns and one having been taken prisoner.

Maj. H. F. Reed of the Massachusetts adjutant-general's office told the legislative committee on military affairs that the number of Massachusetts men who have died during the war; either on the field of battle or from illness, is estimated at between 5,000 and 16,000. He said the state has records of but 135,000 of the 175,000 men who went into the service from this state. Maj. Reed, who is in active charge of the Massachusetts soldiers' and sailors' information bureau, supported a bill to create a commission to prepare a suitable testimonial for each soldier, sailor and marine from Massachusetts. The major said the information bureau will soon go out of existence and that the proposed commission could take up the work the bureau must leave undone).

The Salvation Army in Boston is going to help out the unemployed bartenders after July 1. Local Salvationists are waiting word from New York as to what program is prepared for an employment drive for the bartenders, according to Brig. Shepherd of Boston. The Salvation Army is just as willing to help out a reformed bartender as it is to help out an unemployed sailor, it is pointed out. Col. William Peart, chief executive secretary of the army in New York is sponsor for the statement: "The toilers who formerly worked in the great and vicious industry which manufactured poison for the nation will at once find new and better vocations—will get employment which is not a disgrace to themselves and to their children. The Salvation Army will help them to find those places."

The work of harvesting ice on the Kennebec River to fill the seven houses between Chelsea and Bowdoinham to their capacity of over 200,000 tons has begun. Probably 1,000 men, including many returned soldiers, and 200 horses are employed in the operations. The ice is in excellent condition, averaging 12 inches in thickness.

SHELL BUDAPEST FROM AIRSHIPS

Terrorists, Backed by Bolsheviki, Fight Government Troops.

RIOTS IN MANY CITIES.

Thirty-one Persons Killed in Capital. Defense Steps Are Under Way. Budapest Police Arrest Red Chief.

Agram, Croatia.—The long expected Bolshevist uprising in Hungary seems at last to have broken out. Conflicts provoked by Bolshevists have occurred in various places in that country, notably at Kishknafeld, Kishkoresh and Ketchkemet.

In the first named town the revolutionists placed machine guns in a church clock tower, from which one fired on the government buildings. These outbreaks were repressed.

At Budapest a mob attacked and plundered a monastery of the Congregation of the Virgin Mary, but it was eventually dispersed with the loss of a few lives.

An official message reported heavy street fighting in the Hungarian capital. Artillery and mitrailleuses were employed apparently by the insurgents, who, having secured an unstated number of airplanes, were bombing the city from the sky.

Bern. — The Hungarian agency reports that in the rioting in Budapest a mob of several thousand armed with machine guns, pistols and rifles killed five and wounded thirty of the police and the civil guard. The leaders urged the populace to follow the example of the Berlin Spartacans.

Order has been restored and 42 communist leaders arrested. The rioters appear to be chiefly strangers, and it is believed the riots are the work of Lenine agents.

Public opinion strongly supports the government, and the Socialist party at a specially convened mass meeting in front of the parliament house passed a unanimous vote of confidence in the government.

Bela Kun Attacked by Mob.

Vienna.—The unemployed of Budapest held a meeting, with 4,000 present. Subsequently a large party of communists made a demonstration at the offices of the Social Democratic newspaper Repszava. The police, who hurried to the spot, had just arrived when a shot was fired from a window. The shooting became general, four persons being killed and 24 wounded.

In consequence of this outbreak Bela Kun, leader of the Communists, was arrested with his colleagues. A crowd of armed policemen collected before the prisoners and demanded of the authorities that Kun should be shown them. After many cautionings against violence this was done, but on his appearance Kun was greeted with shouts of "Murderer! You caused the death of our brothers!"

The crowd attacked him with their fists, and apparently on his being taken back to his cell some policemen followed and tried to kill him in spite of the protection of other policemen.

At Kaschau matters have apparently calmed down somewhat, but from all parts of the country reports of minor but frequently fatal collisions reach here.

Paris.—An attack was made on one of the newspaper offices in Budapest by Communists and unemployed, with the result that many persons were killed, according to advices reaching here.

A storm of bullets issued from the houses opposite, whereupon national guards and police opened fire with machine guns, rifles and pistols. It is officially stated that 31 persons were killed.

Eyewitnesses declare that they counted from 50 to 60 dead in the streets. Fifteen Communists were taken to the hospitals in a dying condition.

PITH OF THE VICTORY NEWS

French newspapers see in the assassination of Kurt Eisner in Bavaria the moral that Germany must be disarmed to the last soldier and the last gun. If this is not done the allies will have won the war in vain.

Stephen Pichon, French minister of foreign affairs, says that the new upheaval in Germany makes a quick peace treaty more necessary. The conference is near agreement on reparation terms, and the treaty may be ready the middle of May.

The German national assembly passed to second reading the proposed new constitution.

Berlin reports that Marshal Foch has consented to allow German troops to be sent to Dusseldorf, in the neutral zone, to try to put down the communists there.

President Wilson has agreed to the demand of the allied leaders at the peace conference that Germany be required to make eparation for the damage she inflicted to the full extent of her capacity.

A flat refusal to consider the request of President Erzberger of the German Armistice Commission for the release of German prisoners has been made by the allies.

From the testimony offered it appeared that Flagg left his place of employment at New Britain and went to Worcester a short time ago, failing to leave his wife his address. After living in that city but a few weeks he married Mary J. Healey.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT.

Returned Home on Two Months' Furlough.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, who returned home on a furlough of two months after having been in the war zone for nearly four years.

WORLDWIDE RED CROSS PUBLIC HEALTH PLANS

War on White Plague and Sanitation, Child Welfare and Nursing to Be Taught in All Lands.

Paris.—Members of the peace delegations of all the powers interested in the proposed League of Nations and ambassadors and ministers from various countries, together with several hundred newspaper representatives from allied and neutral countries, at a dinner here heard H. P. Davison of the American Red Cross announce in outline international Red Cross plans for world welfare.

Mr. Davison has been named chairman of a committee of Red Cross societies representing the organizations in the United States, Great Britain, Italy, France and Japan "to formulate and propose to the Red Cross societies of the world a program of extended Red Cross activities in the interest of humanity."

A memorandum distributed among the guests told of what the combined Red Cross societies of the five powers proposed to do, and Mr. Davison explained and summarized the great plans and preparations.

"What is peace?" he said. "I am one of those who believe that 99 per cent. of the people of this world are not interested primarily in questions of boundary, in questions of economic or financial treaties, in questions of government and international relations. Peace to them means peace of mind and peace of body. They desire to live a normal life and to be permitted to carry on their vocations without unlawful or unreasonable interference.

"The situation in the world today is tragic beyond description. The distress in the world is, of course, greater than ever before and beyond the comprehension. To me, therefore, it is clear that, while the leading men of the world are convened to draw up conditions of peace, there is no man or set of men who can by pencil and paper establish a peace which can endure in the presence of the distress throughout the world. I refer, of course, primarily to conditions in those countries which have suffered directly from the war.

"But our experience and studies have revealed conditions in other countries which are conducive to disquiet and unrest and which will continue to breed a spirit of dissatisfaction until they are at least in some degree improved. The fundamental basis of these conditions is primarily lack of proper foods, but also lack of medical, scientific and general health practice."

Mr. Davison alluded to the work of all the Red Cross societies and the countries represented in them, including America, with its 47,000,000 contributors. He continued:

"Our present thought is that our first efforts should cover the subjects of public health and sanitation, tuberculosis, nursing, child welfare and malaria and certain other infectious diseases."

ANARCHISTS' DENS RAIDED.

Police and Secret Service Men Suspect Plot Against Wilson.

New York.—Vigilance on the part of the United States secret service and quick action by the New York police led to the arrest of 14 aliens, admitted anarchists, and most of them acknowledged members of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Coupled with the arrest of the 14 was the report that there had been unearthed a plot to hurl a bomb at President Woodrow Wilson in Boston.

DEMANDS FREE IRELAND.

Convention Unanimously Adopts Cardinal Gibbons' Resolution.

Philadelphia.—A resolution presented by Cardinal Gibbons urging the peace congress to apply to Ireland the doctrine of national self determination and a declaration demanding that if any league of nations be created, all features which may infringe on the traditional American policy, including the Monroe Doctrine, shall be eliminated, were adopted by the convention of the Irish race in America.

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal churches of New England, selected by the bishop of the church to visit France and make a study of the sociological conditions and religious needs of the devastated countries, has returned to this country arriving at New York on the S. S. Montana.

RUM CLOUDBURST SOAKS DETROIT

Sixty Autos Wrecked, Three Killed, In Big Klondike Rush Following Court Decision.

MAKE 100 ARRESTS IN TOLEDO

Hard Liquor Caravan Moves Into State—Great Rush of Automobiles and Other Vehicles to State Follows Lifting of Ban.

Detroit.—Detroit, largest city in the world ever to be voted dry, is deluged with liquor. There was a whisky cloudburst.

With the state officials powerless, in view of the decision of the Supreme Court, the flow was uninterrupted till the federal government stepped into the breach.

Invoking the national law which prohibits the transportation of intoxicants from a wet to a dry state, officials of the department of justice in Toledo, where the whisky tide rises, made more than 100 arrests. All were automobilists whose license plates attested that they were from Michigan. Most of them gave bond and were released. Their cars were loaded to capacity with drinkables.

Action by the federal government is the only thing that now stands between Michigan and a liquor deluge. The Supreme Court decision invalidated the "search and seize" features of the Prohibition law and held in addition that mere possession of intoxicants did not constitute a violation. The result was an unprecedented rush to wet Toledo, only 65 miles away, and throughout the night and all day long there was an unbroken line of booze laden autos moving northward.

The Dixie highway, the main thoroughfare between Toledo and Detroit, presented a picture like the rush to the Klondike. It was literally jammed with liquor laden cars. As indicating the extent of the traffic, the police report upward of 60 smash-ups and at least three men were killed. They were John Zielinski, John Lendzion and Michael Ciemiakowski, all Poles and all of Detroit. Their car crashed into an interurban car bound for Toledo. Broken bottles and whisky spilled over the highway indicated what their errand had been.

So heavy was the traffic of rum runners on the interurban that the Detroit United Railway Company was forced to alter its schedule. Six cars, instead of the two in normal times, were placed on the Toledo run every two hours. Even with that there was congestion.

Here in Detroit cafes, hotels and "jazz" restaurants were crowded. It was difficult to obtain reservations. Strictly speaking, they may not sell liquor under the interpreation of the law, but everybody seemed to have his favorite brand, and there was abroad a gala spirit such as has not been felt in nearly ten months. It was on May 1 last that Detroit became "dry," outvoted in the liquor referendum by the remainder of the state.

To the restaurants and cabarets everybody brought his own liquor (or was supposed to), and all seemed to take delight in installing their bottles in state in plain view on the tables. To drink and not to drink furtively with one eye open for the police, as the city has been doing for months, was an especial joy.

Beer Drought Impends.

New York.—An authorized announcement was made that the brewers of the country had agreed to consolidate all their stocks and apportion in the coming months to the end that the country may be saved from a "whisky basis" as long as possible.

It was said that the prospect is that all the beer will be exhausted in the eastern states by April 1, and throughout the country by May 1, and that thereafter and until the "prohibition for the duration of the war" goes into effect July 1 "hard liquor" would be the intoxicating beverage, and that great peril because of this would develop.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

WASHINGTON.—President Wilson and party reached Boston after a rough voyage. The steamship George Washington escaped grounding in a fog on Thatcher's island by only 1,000 yards. The President spoke in Boston and reached Washington early Tuesday morning.

PARIS.—Poland is arranging to establish her own monetary system, based on a unit of the same value as the franc. As Poland has no gold reserve, the new currency will be based on the millions she expects to collect.

TORONTO.—Canada's wheat yield for 1918 was 189,301,350 bushels.

MUNICH.—Following almost immediately after the assassination of Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian premier, Herr Auer, the Bavarian minister of the interior, was shot and a deputy killed.

WASHINGTON. — Representative Little of Kansas introduces a bill for a censorship of press discussions of the prohibition amendment.

WASHINGTON.—Senator Borah of Idaho attacked the proposed League of Nations in a speech in the senate. He asserted adoption of the covenant by the United States would mean abandonment of our traditional foreign policy

The Maine Senate has rejected the report of the committee on senatorial elections favoring the seating of Dr. Henry L. Irish of Turner as a senator from Androscoggin county, in place of Edward R. Parent of Lewiston, who has held the seat since the opening of the present session of the Legislature.

ROY U. CONGER.

Largest Individual Owner of Airplanes in the World.

Roy U. Conger became the largest individual owner of airplanes in the world by his recent purchase from the British government of 350 planes and 700 motors and millions of parts. He intends to use these machines to establish a commercial air route in Canada, where they were used to train Canadian flyers during the war. Mr. Conger is the son of the late American minister to China.

BERGER AND PALS GET 20 YEARS IN PRISON

Congressman and Four Associates Compare Themselves to Christ Before Pontius Pilate.

Chicago.—A maximum sentence of 20 years in Leavenworth prison was imposed by Federal Judge Landis on Congressman-elect Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee and four other Socialist leaders, who, in final pleas, likened themselves to history's greatest martyrs. The five men, convicted of conspiracy to obstruct the draft in violation of the espionage act, succeeded in obtaining release on $25,000 bail from Judge Alschuler, and declared they would carry their legal fight to the United States Supreme Court.

Besides Berger, publisher of the Milwaukee Leader, the other convicted men are:

Rev. Irvin St. John Tucker, lecturer and writer.

Adolph Germer, national secretary of the Socialist party.

J. Louis Engdahl, editor of the American Socialist.

William F. Kruse, head of the Young People's Socialist League.

Judge Landis overruled motions for a new trial, for a stay of execution and for bail, but granted the filing of a petition for a writ of error. Counsel for the convicted men then went before Judge Samuel P. Alschuler of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and asked for bail.

Judge Alschuler granted them bail, increased from $10,000 to $25,000, with the understanding that they refrain from resuming their former acts and utterances during pendency of their case. William Bross Lloyd, Chicago millionaire, who was the Socialist candidate for United States senator at the last election, provided surety for the five.

The war was an imperialistic and commercial one, Berger declared, and "over half the white race is in a chaotic state of revolution, out of which must develop an orderly Socialist reign within five years."

"The so called league of nations is simply a thin screen behind which the capitalistic classes of the winning side are dividing the spoils," said Berger, who also declared that "Americanism is now synonymous with capitalism."

Irwin St. John Tucker, in his plea, compared himself and the other defendants to Jesus Christ before Pontius Pilate.

The wives of the convicted men were in court, but exhibited no visible signs of emotion when sentence was passed. The men themselves, with the exception of Engdahl, who appeared shocked, received the sentence stolidly.

CUTICURA HEALS SCALP

Hair fell out in handfuls. Scalp dry and scaly. Was itchy, rubbed and irritated so would wake at night. Hair dry and brittle and head disfigured with scales falling off. Used soaps and ointments with no results. Then used Cuticura, and when had used two cakes Soap and two boxes Ointment head was healed.

From signed statement of Miss Mary Martin, Rutland, Mass.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum, promotes and maintains skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. You can do no better than make these fragrant, super-creamy emollients your everyday toilet preparations.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Increasing Power of Unity

Let us all pull together with a strong hand until the tremendous task that we have before us has been completed. There is much for every one to do. Many who cannot serve on the battle field can conserve and save.

Your account is invited.

4 per cent interest Paid on Participation Accounts

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Deposits made on or before November 15th, draw interest from November 1st.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

	Feb'y 12, 1918	Feb'y 12, 1919	Increase
Deposits	$10,552,498.21	$10,911,247.06	$358,748.85
Surplus & Undivided Profits	1,014,609.81	1,086,322.24	71,712.43

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street — Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to. CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY TELEPHONE CONNECTION All Goods are Pure Absolutely

Charter 1565

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF Reserve District No. 1

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on December 31, 1918.

RESOURCES

			Dollars Cts.
1.	a Loans and discounts including rediscounts, (except those shown in b and c)		
2.	Overdrafts, secured, $701.50		$543,159 6
5.	U. S. bonds (other than Liberty Bonds, but including U. S. certificates of indebtedness)		701 50
	a U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000 00	
	f U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpledged	10,000 00	110,000 00
6.	Liberty Loan Bonds:		
	a Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4 and 4¼ per cent. unpledged	23,150 00	
	d. Liberty Loan Bonds 3½, 4 and 4¼ per cent. pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	75,000 00	98,150 00
7.	Bonds, Securities, etc., (other than U.S.):		
	a Bonds (other than U. S. bonds) pledged to secure U. S. deposits	55,000 00	
	e Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	138,944 50	
	Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		193,944 50
9.	Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent subscription)		4,950 00
10.	a Value of banking house, owned and unencumbered	22,515 00	
	b Equity in banking house		22,515 00
13.	Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		41,218 58
15.	Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks		106,926 21
17.	Exchanges for clearing house		14,060 34
18.	Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than Item 17)		
	Total of Items 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18		15,612 25
20.	Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	136,958 90	
21.	Interest earned but not collected—approximate—on Notes and Bills Receivable not past due		5,000 00
			4,709 23
	Total		$1,161,087 31

LIABILITIES

			Dollars Cts.
24.	Capital Stock paid in		$100,000 00
25.	Surplus fund		65,000 00
26.	n Undivided profits		29,837 21
27.	Interest and discount collected or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	29,837 21	
30.	Circulating notes outstanding		4,356 14
32.	Net amounts due to National Banks		100,000 00
33.	Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies (other than included in Items 31 or 32)		6,917 77
	Total of Items 32 and 33		61,011 95
	Demand Deposits other than bank deposits subject to Reserve (deposits payable within 30 days):	65,523 72	
34	Individual deposits subject to check		
35.	Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)		678,483 97
36.	Certified checks		34,303 13
40.	Dividends unpaid		2,149 14
	Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41		60 25
51.	Bills payable, with Federal Reserve Bank	719,984 24	
			76,000 00
	Total		$1,161,087 31

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

County of Newport, ss.

I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1919.
PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
EDWARD A. BROWN
EDWARD S. PECKHAM
WM. H. LANGLEY,
Directors.

Chinese as Rice Growers.

The Chinese introduced rice culture to Hawaii, and they are still the chief rice growers of the islands. They first planted sugar cane at the "Crossroads of the Pacific" and manufactured sugar, and when the Hawaiians began to cease the cultivation of taro it was the Chinese who became the taro planters.

Natural Lightning Conductor.

The astronomical observatory at Mount Etna does not need at any time the protection of a lightning rod. The observatory is near the summit of the volcano, and the steam of vapor constantly rising from the crater acts as a natural conductor, draining the electricity out of the clouds, so that the lightning is seldom seen there.

A NEW ENGLAND VALLEY*

Lawton's Valley, Near Newport

Saturday, April 27, 1918, had brought such disquieting news of the War, through the morning papers, that the ominous possibilities of a serious reverse for our Allies seemed to be culminating with the close of a trying and sad week.

I had been following the daily course of the War earnestly, since its outbreak in 1914, and only today for the first time, had a dark depression overclouded my optimistic spirit.

Under the circumstances, the ordinary affairs of the day could only be performed in a perfunctory sort of manner, and when the most essential of these had been despatched and afternoon drew nigh, I hastened to flee, for a time at least, from the thoughts of politics and nations, and breathe in God's blessed air, alone with Nature.

From this quiet little city (which of late has taken on the character of a garrison town, by reason of the thousands of soldiers and sailors who are training here) a trolley car runs the entire length of the island. About four miles out I recalled a Valley, where, in years gone by, solitude and peace could always be found.

With a feeling, somewhat akin to guilt, I boarded a car, only to find it already crowded with passengers, who, like myself, were escaping from the city. Could their objective be the same as mine? After a few minutes of fear, a relief came to my tired brain, as I realized, from the loud conversations going on, that an industrial city, much further off, was their magnet of attraction.

The country through which the car ran was especially that of the best-cared-for New England farming country Large broad fields from 5 to 10 acres in size, divided by picturesque, neat, grey stone walls, stretched, like a network, over the entire landscape. Trees (principally maples and oaks) lined the roadway and nestled round the varied farm houses on every side. Far down to the west the glistening waters of Narragansett Bay were in sight almost all of the way.

Save where the earliest maples were showing their first red tassels, the trees were bare, for Spring had not yet asserted her sway. Twenty minutes journey and my goal approached. My pulses quickened as the place drew near. Then other selfish fears intruded, lest a picnic party might be the aim of the noisy party of hilarious children, who now seemed to be monopolizing the conversation of the entire car. But, no, my corner of the road was reached, and not one human being, but myself, dropped from the car, which now turned and continued its journey eastward, leaving me, alone, to continue the trip along the deserted road. Five minutes walk along this road, which every moment offered one more beautiful view of Narragansett Bay than the previous one, and a rickety white gate, with red posts, told me that the entrance to my haven of retreat had been gained.

The trees are dense here, and as one winds one's way to the valley beyond, one feels, more by the position of the trees, than by the pathway itself, that one is passing through what, years ago, must have been a stately avenue. The glorious afternoon sunlight is streaming through the bare branches, and all along are hummocks of dried brown leaves, which the scurrying, whirling winds of winter have left, like little haystacks, all along and through the woods. Presently the trees on either side become so regular that it is evident that these symmetrical lines of Pine (now nearly 40 feet in height) must have been the sheltering sides to the roadway which led to the water mill in the valley below.

A few moments more and I stand down by the waters of the stream, just below the Falls. The gentle sough of the wind goes softly through the tree-tops and the rippling splash of the water as it runs, and bounds down the rocky falls, are music to the ears. I sink down upon a great stone, under a huge spruce tree, which faces the falls, and commands a glorious view far up the gorge.

This is not a great, or awe-inspiring place, but it is wonderfully beautiful, all the same. It surely is more a ravine, or a glen, than a valley, for it is really the scar, which this lively little stream, by years of industry, has cut so deep into the body of the earth, and which the artist touch of the Great Painter, has embroidered with trees to hide the wound.

Far up one side of the ravine, one sees a brilliant streak of verdant green reaching from near the top of the bank down to the water below. Its vivid ribbon of color stands out conspicuously against the greys of the rocks and the trees, and the russet browns of the crumbling earth and fallen autumn leaves. Right through the center of this emerald patch, a silver rod seems to run, and every now and then glistens in the rays of the afternoon sunlight. It is a little spring pouring its shower of silver water down the precipitous bank and whose life-giving refreshment has started the early spring plants around there, sooner than anywhere else in the valley.

Although the branches of the trees are verdureless, and seem so much smaller than in summer time, still one story is clearly shown by their silhouettes. Most of the giants, with their greater girth, stand on the topmost edges of the banks, declaring that they are the forefathers of the slighter-bodied generations which cling to the sides, and whose more protected positions and damper soil have given them the strength to push their tops up to the same levels as their progenitors, on the more exposed heights. These younger generations have stretched themselves up higher from their roots, but their footholds seem less secure than those of the burly patriarchs above. A few, however, seem to bid fair to outlive the first generation, for a heavy promontory of rocks juts deep into the stream, and, like a bulwark, protects their positions from the hungry waters, which dash against its face and then turn sullenly aside to seek the lower gullies and hasten to the sea.

Just behind me is a picture of the tragedy of the glen, for prone against the side, with its topmost boughs resting in the stream, its great gnarled roots high and bare on the bank above, the form of one of these oldest monarchs of the glen lies dead. In imagination, one can see the catastrophe, when the stern winter wind, with its driving snow came, demanding its victim, with ever increasing force, and finally bore him down and sent him plunging and crashing to the pit below, carrying in his train some dozen of his younger generations which had started life under his sheltering branches. Its great arms stretch into the babbling stream, as if in mute appeal and protest, to that disturbing element, to turn aside and spare his offspring still clinging to the mouldering banks.

Few signs of the approaching Spring are yet to be seen, and these alone, are close to the water's edge. The early green of the buttercups and violet plants, the rank shoots of the great skunk cabbage are the only visible signs of returning vegetation.

The scents from the spruce and the pine trees hang faintly fragrant in the evening air. The only voices to be heard are the chipping notes of the chickadees and crested wrens in the evergreens, the warble of a song sparrow far up the glen, the whistle from a meadow lark on the bank above and the continuous pipe of a bull frog in some marsh beyond. Almost unheard, but swooping back and forth, up and down, is the one living thing to be seen: a solitary sparrow-hawk planes his way over the purling water; his head moves from side to side, in careful search for some unwary field mouse, to form his evening meal. So silently does he cleave the air, no human ear could detect his presence. Over one spot, alone, he seems to hover longer than any other, and here one sees the ruins of what once must have been the old mill building. Little remains of it now, for the stream has undermined and carried off most of the structure. A few broken, grey stone walls still mark the spot and one can imagine where the old water wheel must have turned, out there, near the middle of the present Falls. A few yards farther down and resting in the bed of the stream lies one of those beautifully proportioned old stone grinding-wheels. No sign of injury mars its symmetry and the stream seems to have placed it where it lies, to give the needed touch of life to the picture. Yet more recent marks of man's presence here, are the charred embers of little fires on the pebbly sides of the stream, telling the tale that happy picnic parties have evidently discovered this sylvan retreat.

Far to my left and far away I can hear the boom of the great rollers of the Atlantic Ocean, as they dash along the Cliffs, and empty themselves into the bays which guard the coast line. Behind me, to the west, the quiet waves of Narragansett Bay seem almost beside me, while the continuous plash of the little waterfall in front, all remind one of the wonderful beauty which water adds to all of Nature's pictures.

The sun sinks slowly in the west, the trees behind me have sent their creeping shadows, in darkening streaks, far up the banks on the other side of the glen, an evening chilly breeze breathes through the valley and makes one aware that ere long the sun will be lost behind that little island out in the Bay. With reluctant steps I ascend the path out of this paradise—homeward bound.

At the top of the bank, I turn, to cast one final glance into the ravine, ere saying "farewell', and as I gaze I become aware that across the grey and broken stone wall on which I stand, there lies a little graveyard, which I had never noticed before. It is one of those little family graveyards which are found so frequently all over New England and which remain as monuments to the early settlers of their reverence for their sainted dead. It is a small plot and contains, perhaps, twenty headstones. Some of these must be very old, for their inscriptions are entirely obliterated and many of the stones themselves have so sunk into the ground that it cannot be many years before they, too, will disappear and vanish from the sight of man. From the inscriptions which can be read, the remains of two families occupy this little plot and the names of Lawton and Thurston are most conspicuous in this hallowed niche. The earliest date of which I can be certain is 1770, but this undoubtedly is a later date than that engraved on some of the sunken stones. Here in this little enclosure rest the remains of those who knew "my little valley" when it was the center of much active life. When the peasants and friends from the neighboring farms brought their corn to be ground by that, now silent, stone wheel which lies by the bank of the stream below.

Reluctantly I leave this hallowed spot and retrace my homeward path, better and stronger for the glimpse of reality this glen has given me of God's great care for man, and this inspiring picture of His Eternal Law.

A O'D. TAYLOR.

NOTES.

Early Newport Men

Richard Dummer was born at Bishopstake, England, in 1599. He came from Southampton in the "Whale", and arrived at Boston May 26, 1632. He first settled in Roxbury, where he built a mill, but soon after he removed to Boston. He was an assistant in 1635-6, when he espoused the cause of Wheelwright, and in 1637 was disarmed and turned out of the Massachusetts Colony.

The meeting of the Rhode Island Colonists on the 23d of August, 1638, at Portsmouth, was greatly augmented and its importance increased by the presence of a party designated as "Richard Dummer and his friends." Mr. Dummer was, in that meeting, accorded the place next to Mr. Coddington, who presided as judge, and Nicholas Easton is placed next to Mr. Dummer. Dummer was a man of wealth and of great probity of character, and withal a man of ability and culture. He deservedly had exercised a great influence in Massachusetts, but he had been regarded by Governor Winthrop as being unsound in the faith, and so had come with his friends, Stephen Dummer, Thomas Dummer, Nicholas Easton, William Jeffreys, Osmond Doulett, William Baker, Mr. Spencer, Adam Mott, Robert Field, James Tarr and Richard Harding, to settle in Portsmouth. Three days before, Richard Dummer, Nicholas Easton, and Robert Harding had been admitted free of the Colony; and at this meeting, undoubtedly called for the especial purpose of making provision for this new accession of colonists, thirteen lots on the west side of the spring in Portsmouth were granted to this party to be built upon during the next spring under penalty of forfeiture. Dummer had already entered into a contract to build a mill; and it was agreed that the party should have lands either at the settlement or in some other part of the island. Mr. Dummer was to have lands answerable to a man with an estate of £150. He soon after returned to Massachusetts, where he lived and died.

Richard Dummer went on the expedition against the French in Canada in 1711.

When the Agent of Governor Winthrop was a defaulter, the Governor was involved in financial difficulties and appeal was made to the towns in the Massachusetts colony for his relief. Upon this occasion Dummer's contribution, notwithstanding his censure and his exile in 1637, was larger than that of the whole town of Boston.

Richard Dummer had a son Jeremiah, who was a goldsmith, and learned his trade of John Hull at Boston, who owned large tracts of land in South Kingstown. These lands descended to his daughter, who married Judge Sewen. Jeremiah Dummer had a son Jeremiah, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1699, and afterwards studied at the University of Utrecht, and became a lawyer. He was agent at the Court of Queen Anne, and was a great wit and a friend of Bolingbroke.

Thomas Savage

Thomas Savage came from the parish of St. Albans in Hertfordshire. He embarked in the "Planter," of which one Tracy was master, April 2, 1635. He was then 27 years of age. In the following January he was admitted to the church and was made a freeman in May, 1636. In 1637, he married Faith, the daughter of William and the celebrated Anne Hutchinson, and accepted the religious dogmas of his mother-in-law, and of Wheelwright. He was driven out of Massachusetts and came to Rhode Island, and was one of the founders of this Colony. He signed the original compact at Portsmouth the 7th of the 1st mo., 1637-8. He remained in Rhode Island but for a short time, when he returned to Massachusetts. There he became a conspicuous and a useful citizen. He was a member of both branches of the General Court, and a Captain in the Indian Wars. He left behind him numerous descendants.

William Foster

William Foster was at Ipswich when he was disarmed by order of the General Court of Massachusetts Nov. 20, 1637, and was directed to deliver his arms to Mr. Bartholomew. Sept. 6, 1638, he appeared before the Court, and was informed that "we conceive him not fit to live with us; therefore he was invited to depart from the General Court in March next." He was received as an inhabitant of Newport 3d mo., 20th, 1638, and was made a freeman of the Colony 1st of 8th mo., 1640. In 1639 he was clerk of the train band. He was admitted free from Portsmouth in 1658. In the division of lands he was assigned several parcels, including the valley between the lands of Mr. Coggeshall and the lands of Mr. Brenton in the south part of the island. In 1678, he was a petitioner for lands in East Greenwich. In 1680, he was among the taxpayers of Newport, and then his name disappears from the records.

Miles Foster

Miles Foster of Newport appears as a merchant in 1676, and is employed to purchase powder and lead for the Colony to be used in Philip's War. In 1677, he was of a committee to settle the account of the colony and to ascertain the amount of its indebtedness. He had a lawsuit with Peleg Sanford in 1678. In 1680, he was the largest taxpayer in the Colony, being taxed upward of £60, while the second largest taxpayer was Peleg Sanford, whose tax was £27 less than Mr. Foster's.

It is quite possible that the town records of Portsmouth or East Greenwich would disclose more about Mr. William Foster.

THE PREMIER OF PREMIERS

It is not too much to predict that history will point to Premier Clemenceau as the greatest personality that this war has developed. Called from retirement to take command of the government after other premiers had failed to measure up to the demands of the hour he immediately demonstrated in his vigorous handling of the situation that he had lost none of his earlier fighting qualities. The cause of the Allies was at a low ebb when Clemenceau stepped into the arena and calmly announced that thereafter Marshal Foch would exercise supreme command of the allied armies. Such was the force of his character that nobody had the hardihood to dispute his decision, and the appointment of Foch as generalissimo was accepted. No other single incident of the war contributed so much to the allied success as the unified command that Clemenceau by sheer force of will made a reality.

Premier Clemenceau's entire life has been in the turmoil of politics, constantly fighting for the principles in which he believed. Although France was forced to conclude a disastrous peace with Germany in 1871, it was not done with the acquiescence of Clemenceau. He was one of the delegates at the negotiations and fought to the last against the ceding of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. "Men cannot be bought as slaves in Africa, nor sold as serfs in Russia, nor delivered like cattle into the hands of Bismarck." Those were his words as he raged against the oppression of the Iron Chancellor. He has lived to have the satisfaction of seeing those states returned to France, with himself the leader of his country in bringing Germany to her knees.

But great as have been the contributions of the Tiger of France to the defeat of Germany it may be truthfully said that at no time has he assumed a more important role than he is now playing at the peace conference. While there is a difference of opinion among the large number of conferees on most of the questions, they all are of little significance compared with the paramount importance of the policy to be followed in dealing with Germany. On that question the conference apparently is divided into two camps—those who believe in forcing the Huns to pay the penalty for the frightful disaster they brought upon the world, and those who think the best way to obtain a lasting peace is to be lenient with the Germans, to send them what food they need, raw material for their industries, and so arrange matters that they will be able to take their place in competition with other nations for the world's commerce.

The latter school of thought is personified in Mr. Wilson and his associates on the American delegation, the firmer policy is insisted upon by Clemenceau, backed by the French, Italian, Belgian and English delegates. The French people know that Germany not only has a huge army with which to continue her menacing attitude, but factories turning out immense quantities of products with which to flood the markets of France and of the world, and a possible fleet of ships to carry those products overseas. France, on the other hand, remembers that her northern industries have been destroyed systematically by the Germans, machinery removed, cattle and live stock stolen, vineyards and orchards killed, and everything possible done to destroy her future trade competition with Germany. Unless the Germans are held back until France can recuperate her losses she will be at the commercial mercy of the Huns. The Frenchmen know that Clemenceau stands between them and financial ruin in the future. The benefits of the fight that he is now making for the industrial regeneration of his country, free from German interference, if his efforts are successful, will be enjoyed by his countrymen for years to come, and make of Premier Clemenceau the hero not only of the French people, but of all who believe that exact justice should be the lot of friend and foe alike.

IN FLANDERS FIELD

By Lieut. Col. John McCrae, Canadian Expeditionary Forces

Lieut. Colonel John McCrae of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, was a distinguished physician of Montreal, Canada. He died in Bologne, France, January 28, 1918, and at his own request was buried in Flanders with the other fallen soldiers of the Allies. His poem, entitled "In Flanders Fields," is said to be the greatest poem of the War. Many answers to it have been written.

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly.
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields.

AN ANSWER TO "IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

By Henry Polk Lowenstein

Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep, sleep where the poppies grow,
Sleep on, brave soldiers, in your places, row on row.
The lark's still soaring in the sky,
Still bravely singing, soaring high,
Away above the cannon's roar,
Scarce heard amid the guns as yore,
Before you slept in Flanders Fields.

The faith with you we've kept and battled with the foe;
On crimson fields by you we've slept where poppies blow.
The torch you flung to us we caught;
With blist'ring hands we've bravely fought
To hold it high to guard you thro the Night,
And at the Dawn to guide you to the Light,
When you awake from Flanders Fields.

OUR IMMORTAL LINCOLN

Lincoln, our immortal Lincoln;
Oh, how great is his name.
Revered by everyone,
Honored in the halls of fame.

A majestic man of iron frame,
As upon this earth he trod,
Honest Abe, of truth and name,
Trusted always Almighty God.

That was the secret of his power,
As upon Emancipation Day,
He broke the shackles in one hour,
That freed three million brothers, slaves.

His memorable words at Gettysburg,
That fired the hearts of everyone,
In every schoolroom now are heard
And will be till "His Kingdom come."

—Simeon Hazard.

GOOD RESOLUSHUNS

By Josh Billings

That I lill live within mi inkum, if i have tew git trusted tew do it.

That i won't borry nor lend—espeshily lend.

That i won't advise enny boddy, until i know the kind ov advise they are anxious tew follow.

That i won't objekt to enny man on ackount ov his color, unless he happens tew be blue.

That i won't sware enny, unless i am put under oath.

That i will take mi whisky hereafter straight—straight tew tho gutter.

That i won't swop enny hosses with a deakon.

That i won't wear enny more tite boots, if i hav tew go barefoot tew da it.

That if a lovely woman smaks me on one cheek, i will turn her the other also.

That if a man kalls me phool, i won't ask him to prove it.

That if enny boddy loozes even a goose i will weep with him, for it iz a tuff bizness tew looze a goose.

That if a man tells me a mule won't kik, i will beleave what he sez without trieing it.

That i will respekt publik opinyun just az long az i kan respekt myself in doing it.

That when i hear a man bragging on his ansestors, i won't envy him, but i will pity the ansestors.

That i will brag on mi wife all the time, but i will do it silently.

That i won't wish i waz az pure az King David, but that i wuz purer than i am.

That i will laff every good chance i kan git, whether it makes me grow phatt or not.

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EVERYBODY IS NOW FIGURING INCOME TAX

In Order to Be Helpful to Public, Internal Revenue Bureau Has Every Available Officer In Field.

SEVERE PENALTIES IF YOU DELAY BEYOND MARCH 15

With the due date for Income Taxes only a few weeks away, the collection of this far-reaching tax on 1918 incomes has started off with a bang. Everybody is figuring income tax.

Payments and sworn statements of income must reach Internal Revenue offices on or before March 15, and there are severe penalties for delinquency.

Residents of Connecticut and Rhode Island should make their returns and pay their taxes to James J. Walsh, Collector of Internal Revenue, Hartford, Conn., or to any of his deputy collectors who are now doing free advisory work on Income Tax.

"Pay your Income Tax by March 15," is the slogan of the Internal Revenue Bureau, which has sent every available officer into the field to help the public to understand the requirements and to prepare the returns.

Who Must Make Return.

It is estimated that many thousands of single and married persons in this section of the United States who have never before made annual returns are required to do so this year.

Income tax returns must be made between now and March 15 by persons who come under the following classifications:

Any unmarried person whose 1918 net income was $1,000 or over. Widows and widowers, divorcees and married persons who are living apart from their husbands or wives, are for the purposes of the Income Tax classed as unmarried.

Any married person living with wife or husband whose 1918 net income was $2,000 or over. The income of both husband and wife must be considered, together with the earnings of minor children, if any.

Revenue Bureau Offers Aid.

Each person in the United States who is in either of these classifications must get busy at once if penalties are to be avoided. He should secure a blank Form 1040 A for reporting net income up to $5,000, or Form 1040 if his net income exceeded that amount. Forms are being distributed by Collectors and their Deputies, also by banks. By following the instructions on the forms a correct return can be prepared at home. If a person needs advice or aid, the Deputy Collectors in the field will furnish this without charge.

The new Revenue law places the Income Tax duty on citizens and residents. The Internal Revenue Bureau is sending its men to work right with the public to get the tax and the returns in. With active co-operation every tax due March 15 will be paid and every return required by law will be in the Revenue offices on time.

Exemptions Are Allowed.

A single person is allowed a personal exemption of $1,000. If he is supporting in his household relatives who are dependent upon him he may claim the status of the head of a family who has the same exemption as if married.

A married person who lives with wife or husband is allowed a personal exemption of $2,000. The head of a family is entitled to claim a similar personal exemption.

An additional exemption of $200 is allowed for each person under eighteen or incapable of self support who was dependent upon and received his chief support from the taxpayer.

A husband and wife living together are entitled to but one personal exemption of $2,000. If they make separate returns the exemption may be claimed by either or divided.

Accuracy Required.

Absolute accuracy is necessary in making up income figures. Any person who is working for wages should find out exactly how much he received during the whole year 1918. Fees, bank interest, bond interest, dividends, rents received and all other items must be reported correctly. Mere guesses are not accepted, for they are unjust alike to the taxpayer and the Government and defeat the proper administration of the law.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
★ ★
★ INCOME TAX IS ★
★ TRULY POPULAR. ★
★ ★
★ "The payment of income taxes ★
★ takes on a new significance, ★
★ which should be understood by ★
★ every citizen. The taxation sys- ★
★ tem of this country is truly pop- ★
★ ular, of the people, by the peo- ★
★ ple and for the people. Every ★
★ citizen is liable to tax, and the ★
★ amount of the tax is graduated ★
★ according to the success and for- ★
★ tune attained by each individual ★
★ in availing himself of the oppor- ★
★ tunities created and preserved ★
★ by our free institutions. The ★
★ method and degree of the tax is ★
★ determined by no favored class, ★
★ but by the representatives of the ★
★ people. The proceeds of the tax ★
★ should be regarded as a national ★
★ investment."—Daniel C. Roper, ★
★ Commissioner of Internal Reve- ★
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Troubles of an Expert.

"Another member of the staff wants a raise—says he can't live on his salary of $40 a week." "Who is it?" "Bullem, the bachelor editor of our woman's page. He writes those interesting articles on how to support a family of four on $15 a week."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Y. W. C. A. OPENS WORK IN ITALY

Tea and Club Rooms Opened for American Women.

Miss Charlotte Niven, Director of Italian Work, Prepares for Influx of American Woman Students.

Italy is now included in the war work of the American Y. W. C. A.

Miss Mabel Warner of Salina, Kan., and Chicago left Paris a few days ago for Rome, where she will be in charge of a Hostess House for American girls employed there by the American Red Cross, the Embassy and the new Tuberculosis Commission. Miss Warner has been director of the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House at Brest, France.

Miss Warner will open a tea room and club rooms where the American women can gather for social times. Rome is harboring a refuge population of about 40,000 and accommodations are difficult to find.

The work in Rome was started as a direct result of the appeal of Miss Charlotte Niven, one of the National Y. W. C. A. secretaries in Italy, who is spending a few months in France as advisor in the French work.

Miss Niven's dreams of Y. W. C. A. work in Italy include the maintenance of a residence for non-Italian women, who, she feels, will come to Italy in great numbers after the war to study music and art.

"I believe at this time such a project is particularly important because women from other countries should be encouraged to come to Italy to replace the great numbers of German women who flooded Italy in the past, many of them paid agents of their government," Miss Niven said in discussing her plans.

Miss Niven has asked the American Y. W. C. A. to aid the Italian Association in establishing a center, perhaps at Genoa, with two American secretaries, with physical and recreational training, to act as a training school for Italian women. In connection with it her plan would include a Hostess House for girls passing through the city or employed there. Such a center would become eventually the center for all Y. W. C. A. work in Italy, both Italian and foreign.

In her formal appeal for help for the Unione Christiana Delle Giovani (the Italian name for Young Women's Christian Association) Miss Niven has emphasized two facts, the poverty of the Italian Association on the one hand and the need and opportunity on the other for an American program in Italy at the present time.

Miss Niven's favorite way of illustrating the friendliness of the Italian woman to America is by telling the story of the Italian mother who said she had taken down the picture of the Madonna which had hung for many years over her bed and was putting in its place one of President Wilson.

"In our work in the Unione we have lacked trained leadership as well as the material resources to give such training. We have had no means to buy modern equipment. Consequently we have not the visible results of American and British work.

"Feeble as our work may be, it is not useless. Many girls in all parts of Italy have told us how much the Unione meant in their lives. Italian girls are touchingly grateful for the smallest efforts. They respond eagerly to friendliness.

"There is no other agency doing in Italy what the Association is trying to do."

Miss Niven has spent the past seven years in work with the Italian women, starting as director of a hostel, or boarding home, for Italian women students at Florence. She is an American from New York, where she was one time head of the Christadora Settlement House.

WOMEN LEARNING MASSAGE.

Germantown Y. W. C. A. Trains Women for Reconstruction Work Among Soldiers.

Educational courses to prepare women as aides in the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers have been opened at the Germantown, Pa., Young Women's Christian Association.

A reconstruction massage course, lectures in anatomy, physiology, muscle work and remedial movement massage, theory and practice, electrotherapy and hydrotherapy are given by doctors and nurses, who also supervise practical work at the Y. W. C. A. and at hospitals. The courses are recognized by the Surgeon General.

Similar courses have also been opened in the New York City Central Branch Y. W. C. A., where a specialty is made of brush-making with a view to training women as teachers for reconstruction hospitals.

The Cadanian Y. W. C. A. has received permission to place a Y. W. C. A. secretary on every ship leaving England with 200 or more women and children on the passenger list.

The secretary fulfills the same function for the women as the Y. M. C. A. secretary has for men on transports. She plans entertainments and recreation for women and children and is a friend to whom they may come if they are in distress.

Willie's Excuse.

The slang expression "hard-boiled egg" to denote a disagreeable person reminds us of a youngster who could not eat an egg without feeling distressed. Chided one day for speaking rudely to his aunt, he said: "I can't help it mother; she affects me just like an egg."—Boston Transcript.

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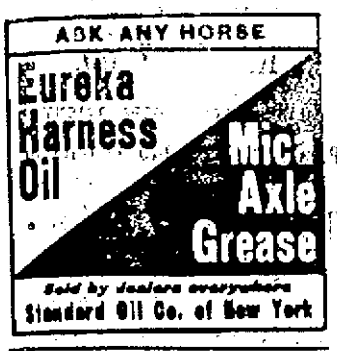


SAVED APIA FROM GERMANS

Interesting Now to Recall Commander Leary's Defiance of Overbearing Teuton Captain.

Persons who have said the United States had no case against Germany prior to the sinking of the Lusitania and events dating from 1914 perhaps are unacquainted with the trouble over the Samoan islands which occurred in the eighties. Attempts by Prince Bismarck, then German chancellor, to dominate the islands, had been frustrated and a German consul had been withdrawn after he had caused a crisis by raising a German flag over Apia, one of the principal cities. Another consul, Herr Becker, acting on his government's instructions, again precipitated trouble by deposing the Samoan king and setting up a ruler favorable to German interest.

The climax came when the German corvette Adler prepared to shell Apia, the natives of which had become hostile to the Germans. Commander Richard Leary of the United States gunboat Adams had been in the vicinity of the islands expecting trouble. An account of what happened is a tribute to the courage of the American navy. It follows:

"At the appointed hour, the Adler steamed out with the German ensign flying at her peak. The Adams followed closely at her heels. Soon the Adler slowed down and swung into position, so as to bring her broadside guns to bear on the helpless village. The Adams dashed in between the Adler and the shore, where she, too, swung about, her guns at port and pointed directly at the Germans. Presently, Commander Leary in full uniform and accompanied by his staff, boarded the Adler. His colloquy with the German captain was short and sharp: 'If you fire,' he said, 'you must fire through the ship which I have the honor to command. I shall not be answerable for the consequences!' So saying, he took his leave.

"Captain Fritze could scarcely believe his ears. Such audacity had never yet confronted him. He knew that the first shot would be answered by an American broadside, and this would be the signal for a war between his country and the American republic. He faltered, and then, his heart swelling with humiliation, he steamed suddenly away."—Detroit News.

Carry Your Phone With You.

"By the time the peace treaty is signed we shall be talking across the Atlantic by wireless," says Godfrey Isaacs, managing director of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph company. "One day in the not far distant future," he adds, "I think we shall walk about with wireless telephones attached to our bodies and we shall be able, standing, say in Piccadilly circus, to call up a friend who is flying somewhere. Or we may have an invitation by wireless telephony from a friend flying in France to join him at dinner in the evening. It will not be very long before one will be able to sit at one's desk in London and speak to New York practically instantaneously. In my view it will be as easy to speak to Sydney or Melbourne or to New Zealand."

Interesting Experiment.

A distinguished scientist has revived an after-image artifically by means of the following experiment: After remaining in darkness for some minutes, he flashed a light onto his hand. He then went to bed in total darkness and slept through the night. Before opening his eyes in the morning he again flashed a light, but this time on his eyes. By this means he revived the after-image of his hand in front of him, although he had not seen it since the previous night.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Barometric Violin.

Abram Moses, a violinist of Baltimore, is the possessor of what might be called a barometric violin. Some time after Mr. Moses bought it, he noticed that at certain times it exhaled a strange and subtle fragrance, like an aroma of Oriental incense. Later, he observed that this fragrance was noticeable only when the weather was about to become damp. He obtained the violin in Paris some years ago when he was studying there.

POULTRY FACTS

GREEN FEEDS FOR POULTRY

There Is Much In Proper Curing and Handling—Beets and Mangel-Wurzels Also Good.

If you have fed clover or alfalfa to poultry in its green state or dry you know its value. If you have not used it as a hen feed do so this winter, even if you have to buy some, and in future seasons you will lay in a good supply. There is much in curing and handling this food to have it right for hens. If it has been done properly, cut into one-quarter-inch lengths, and place it in a tub or barrel, then turn on steam or hot water, which at once brings back the aroma of the harvest field. Next spread out in the mixing box and sift on some cornmeal, middlings and animal meal, salt a little and you have as good a mess for laying hens as can be prepared. In some respects alfalfa is better than clover. It is very rich in protein, yields more in a year than clover, and hens like it better.

For poultry it should never be allowed to become woody. A good field of alfalfa will produce more hen feed than the same amount of space put into any other crop.

Next in order for a dependable winter food come beets and mangel-wurzels. There are different sorts, red, yellow and white. All make a good winter hen feed. They are composed largely of water, but it makes an excellent winter food, being easily grown and kept and is very handy to feed. By feeding plenty of green food to the hens in winter there is a profit derived in two ways. The hens will be more healthy, therefore lay better, and by working it into the daily ration the cost of feeding the flock is lessened considerably.

HINTS ON HANDLING POULTRY

Among Other Things for Farmer to Remember Is That Male Doesn't Influence Number of Eggs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is urged that all farmers and poultrymen adhere strictly to the following principal rules in handling their poultry and eggs:

1. Keep the nests clean; provide one nest for every four hens.
2. Gather the eggs twice daily.
3. Keep the eggs in a cool, dry room or cellar.
4. Market the eggs at least twice a week.
5. Sell, kill or confine all male birds as soon as the hatching season is over,

One Hundreds Hens Should Be on Every Farm.

so as to produce infertile eggs. The male bird has no effect on the number of eggs produced.

MISSION OF OYSTER SHELL

Not Given to Supply Grit, but to Make Bone, Muscle and Feathers —Help Out Ration.

Many poultry growers, especially beginners, have the impression that oyster shells make a good grit for fowls, but such is not the case. Oyster shells, in some respects do help to grind the fowl's food, but the chief mission is to make bone, muscle and feathers. They form the shell of the egg, or assist in this matter and at the same time aid in making a complete ration when fowls are fed charcoal and grit together with their grain rations. If you keep them before the hens and do not feed fat-producing feeds, they will prevent soft-shelled eggs and keep them from acquiring the egg-eating habit, which is one of the greatest losses ever experienced by any poultryman. In almost every feed given to fowls we find a shortage of ash. The oyster shells supply this want of ash and the hens lay their full quota of eggs.

AVERAGE YEARLY EGG RECORD

About 130 Per Hen Is Good Estimate —Result From Flock Properly Cared For.

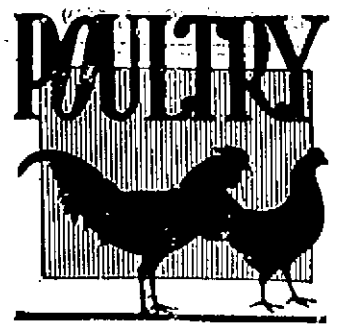
About 130 eggs per hen is a fair average for the yearly egg record. A flock properly cared for should produce about one third as many eggs as there are hens, during the months of December, January and February.

Thirteen.

Thirteen was the sacred number of the Mexicans and the ancient people of Yucatan. Their week had 13 days and they had 13 snake gods.

Daily Thought.

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.—Robert Browning.



INJURY TO EGGS IN TRANSIT

Much of Damage Is Directly Due to Faulty Methods of Packing Valuable Foodstuff.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The bureau of chemistry, through the food research laboratory, has been assisting in reducing the damage to eggs in transit by giving practical demonstrations at shipping points in loading cars of eggs or mixed eggs and dressed poultry. Much of the damage is directly due to faulty methods of packing eggs in cases and stowing the cases in the car. Four meetings held recently in Iowa were

Fiber-Board Box Filled With Corrugated Lining and Fillers of Same Material—Each Egg Has a Wrap.

attended by over a hundred shippers who send cars weekly, at least, to eastern markets and who expressed great interest in the methods which the department has worked out for the conservation of this valuable foodstuff. They and many others have found the department's folder, "How to Load Cars of Eggs," of assistance. Copies of this folder can be had by writing to the bureau of chemistry, United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

VIGOROUS HEN FOR BREEDING

Fowl That Lays Well All Winter Unfit for That Purpose—Chicks Not Strong.

The old hens I use for breeders are selected early in the winter months and penned to themselves. In selecting hens for breeders, the first point I consider is vigor. A hen that does not show an appearance of vigor is rejected, no matter how many fancy points she scores.

The old hens are fed a maintenance ration—that is, a ration that will keep them well nourished without unduly stimulating egg production. My experience is that a hen that lays well all winter is unfit for the breeding pen, says a writer in an exchange. Her eggs will not usually run high in fertility, and the chicks that hatch will not be strong. The reason for this is that heavy egg production is weakening, and that the hen cannot impart to her offspring a strong, vigorous constitution when she herself is in a weakened condition.

A month before eggs are wanted for hatching I gradually work the hens back to a laying ration. Beef scrap is added to the mash and the ration is made less bulky in character. My experience is that when these hens do commence laying, they lay much better than the ones that laid well all winter. And they are much less likely to go broody at the time when eggs are especially wanted for breeding.

PULLETS HATCHED IN SPRING

Eggs Can Be Assured From Fowls in Fall—Proper Housing and Feeding of Importance.

Poultry owners who wish to obtain eggs in the fall and early winter should arrange to hatch their pullets in March or April, say specialists in the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C. Birds hatched in March or April will be well matured in the fall. The rest is a matter of proper housing, feeding, and handling. The chicken house should be comfortably warm, well ventilated, and clean. The feed should include beef scrap or similar material. There should be temptation to exercise in scratching over clean litter on the floor.

GIVE FEMALES BEST OF CARE

Breeders Should Not Be Forced to Heavy Egg Production During the Winter Months.

Females should be given the best care possible, and it is doubtful if breeders should be forced for heavy egg production during the winter months. Heavy egg production preceding the breeding season will probably affect the vitality of the chicks. Fresh air, exercise and green food are essentials, in order to keep the breeding females in the pink of condition.

Opportunity for Saving.

Chickens afford the rural child an opportunity of saving by earning.

"Jims is a conceited man. He honestly believes he is the flower of his family."

"Well, he is their poppy, isn't he?"

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

BONDS TO PAY DEBT OF HONOR

They Will Bring Home the Fighting Men Who Have Won the Victorious Peace.

The Fifth Liberty Loan will be used especially and emphatically in paying a debt of honor.

The debt is one owed by the nation to its fighting forces. Who could think for a moment that it would not be paid eagerly in the finest spirit and with pride in meeting the obligations?

This Loan — the VICTORIOUS FIFTH—which will be offered in about three months, will bring home the men who fought through France from Chateau-Thierry right to Sedan, thousands of whom are today on German soil.

The President says that a large proportion of them must remain during the period of occupation. Those who will be brought home will be transported and demobilized at a very heavy expense for months to come.

The Loan will pay these charges. To avoid them in any way, to try to cut down on them, to fail to provide money for them, would be an incredible act on the part of the people of the United States.

The men who went to France, ready to give their lives if need be for the nation, did not halt half way—did not stop when they thought the end seemed almost near. They went to the very limit. They saw the war to the very close, however bitter it might be.

To look after them in the period of the making of the peace, to bring them home in comfort and safety and honor, must be the one effort of all the war loans in which the nation will join to a man.

The realization of what the men have done is written across the history of the United States the past eighteen months. The opportunity to pay the debt of honor will be met in returning them to peace and prosperity.

The opportunity lies in the new Liberty Loan bond, that is the Fifth Loan.

Use the next three months in preparing to join in paying the country's debt of honor to her soldiers who have won the victory.

THE GILT EDGED FIFTH OF THE U.S.

Buyers of the New Liberty Loan Will Take It Not as Insurance But as a Great Investment.

The Fifth Liberty Loan, but three months away, will have a strong appeal to the 30,000,000 patriotic men and women who hold today the bonds of four other loans.

The patriotic support they gave in time of greatest stress to the Government and to its fighting forces will not fail now in financing the needs of peace and reconstruction.

The extent and urgency of the demands are not lessened. The debt of honor, which we owe to our soldiers to bring them home in comfort and to fit them anew to the tasks of peace, is one that can be met only with pride and joy.

There will be an added incentive in buying bonds of the Fifth Liberty Loan. If the bonds have lost the element of insurance they have gained even more in that of investment.

Those who have bought from feelings of patriotic duties may well buy now to secure investments of the highest grade. They will aid in placing the "Libertys" in their proper rank as gilt edged securities.

From a strictly commercial basis the bonds of the Fifth Loan will command the highest position.

1. They are the world's safest investment, having behind them the resources of the greatest creditor nation.

2. They will carry a high rate of interest, one much higher than the United States Government will ever pay in normal times, which will accordingly send them with the return of earlier conditions to a good premium.

3. They are accepted at par in payment of all estate and inheritance taxes.

4. They are exempt from the 12% normal tax of the new revenue bill.

5. They are exempt up to $75,000 from income and excess profit taxes.

The wise and patriotic investor will prepare in the next ninety days to buy largely of the Fifth Loan Bonds to keep.

DISABLED SOLDIERS TAUGHT NEW TRADES

The Victorious Fifth Liberty Loan will permit the Government to make crippled soldiers self-supporting and useful members of the community. Illustration copyrighted by Western Newspaper Union.

WHAT FIFTH LOAN BONDS WILL DO

They Will Provide Funds Needed to Finance Peace and Reconstruction Work.

The dollars of the United States supplied largely through four great Liberty Loans were of tremendous power in helping win the world war.

Through the forces they added to the fighting strength of the Allies, they tipped the balance of power against the Germans for victory and peace.

The fighting men and the fighting ships, the guns, the food, and $7,000,000,000 of loans to the Allies gave the momentum needed to hurl upon the Germans the avalanche that finally swept them back to defeat and destroyed their menace to civilization.

The four loans from the American people, by the American people, and for the American people, brought final victory.

But there remains a great chapter to be brought out and finished.

To provide funds for this is the purpose and need of the Fifth Loan—the VICTORIOUS FIFTH.

It will furnish means to the Government of this country to do its part in the tremendous work of concluding peace, in restoration and reconstruction.

It is needed for the enormous demands created in the work of bringing our men home and in restoring them to their own places in the life of the nation.

It will insure effective provision for the call of prosperity and peace. It will guard the interests of the United States, commercially at home and abroad, for the present and for the future.

The dollars of the Fifth Liberty Loan have a great duty to do, a great field in which to do it.

Get ready to join in it with the others.

His Tribute.

Hans was on a visit to his grandfather's farm, and for the first time saw a lot of bees making honey. After looking at them with deep interest for a few moments he said: "Well, I must say they is certainly a wonderful lot of little animals."

THE FIFTH LOAN COMES IN SPRING

It Will Be Called the "Victorious Fifth" and Will Celebrate the War's End.

The next and last Liberty Loan will come in the Spring, probably in April. It has already been named the VICTORIUS FIFTH. This tells its purpose in three words.

It will provide funds for taking care of the American Army in Europe during occupation and in bringing the soldiers home.

It is a peace loan as well as a war loan. The men have done their share magnificently in securing peace for the whole world. The money that is to be provided for them is being spent now.

It must be spent if they are to go on properly with the great work they have accomplished; if they are to come back in good order and are to be demobilized as they deserve.

The billions raised in other loans and taxes have gone to the expense of actual fighting, guns and ships, munitions, transportation, clothes and food.

And with these funds the war has been won. The victory has destroyed the menace to civilization. It has brought the peace for which we have worked and for which our forces have fought gloriously.

The men have finished their work. It is for the nation to finish its provision for them generously. And the VICTORIOUS FIFTH will do this.

To do it in a way worthy of the men who fought will be a source of pride to every man and woman and child in the nation. It will be done best if the whole people begin now with the new year to prepare for the last loan.

Hard to Break Out of This.

One of the oddest of jails is at Clifton, Ariz., which lies in an important copper region. This jail comprises four large apartments hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz. The entrance is in a boxlike vestibule built of heavy masonry and the gates have three sets of steel bars.

HAPPY IN POVERTY

Former Theatrical Star Ends Restless Search.

Kaleidoscopic Career of May Yohe, Once Petted Favorite of Two Continents, Bids Fair to Have Unconventional Ending.

Searching for happiness, conventionally and unconventionally, along the gilt edges of the world, Madcap May Yohe, once darling of royalty, has found it at last as the wife of a workingman amid humble surroundings, herself a janitress. She has found it in work, in service and in self-effacement.

It is as Mrs. John Smuts that the tempestuous theatrical star of yesterday has added a bright chapter to the life that led the American girl to an English peerage at eighteen, into troublesome days of escapade, through heartbreaking years and decline of fame, into marriage again and adventures in far lands. All in the restless search for love.

At the end of her kaleidoscopic career she is now in Seattle, knowing poverty and the meaning of toil, and she says she's found what she's hunted for a lifetime in the man who loves her and is good to her.

Twenty years ago May Yohe had the theatrical world at her feet. She became Lady Francis Hope, mistress of the great blue Hope diamond, jewel of ill omen. As such she was the petted favorite of aristocracy and of King Edward VII.

Then she listened to the blandishments of Capt. Putnam Bradlee Strong, son of the then mayor of New York, and seeking happiness unconventionally went away with him. The adventure brought only sorrow and disappointment.

Striving to regain her lost glory, she stood again before a London audience in 1913, and London forgave her and took her back into its heart with a roaring welcome as in the older days of song and dance and youthful allurements.

Having accomplished that she became the bride of Capt. John Smuts, cousin of Gen. Jan Smuts of Boer war fame, and himself an officer in that war. She quit the stage and accompanied him to South Africa, to Singapore, to India, China and Japan.

Coming to America a year or so ago, in the hope that he would get a commission in the British army, Captain Smuts went to work in a Seattle shipyard when his application was turned down and ready funds were not available.

It was there he developed influenza and the woman who had once swayed the footlight world went to work as janitress to earn their daily bread. As worker and nurse she battled desperately for his life—and won.

"Won the greatest happiness I have ever known," she said, "as well as the life of my dear husband."

When Captain Smuts resumed work in the shipyards after his illness he "banished" May Yohe to keeping house in their one-room apartment, where they are living today.

Their financial straits were explained by Mrs. Smuts as due to red tape that prevented access to estate moneys, and to the fact that Captain Smuts, a judge and barrister in South Africa, knew no one in America.

"When Jack became ill they asked me jokingly at the shipyards if I wanted a job. I accepted it seriously. The only place open was for a janitress, and I took it.

"Things are brighter now. I still have my Jack, we're going to get some money soon, and if we don't go to England we'll start a little chicken ranch near the city here. Meantime, what more could one wish for?"

The Day Came at Last.

Special permission to accompany the French armies into Strassburg was asked by Captain Danner, grandson of Baron Pron, prefect of Strassburg during the war of 1870. At the time of the old city's bombardment the cathedral belfry was struck, and from the debris the prefect secured a piece of granite, and instructed his children that whenever the day of liberation came they should take the stone back and present it to the authorities of the town. Carefully kept during the 48 years, it was to be returned to Strassburg by Captain Danner on the very day of the entry of the French troops.—Christian Science Monitor.

How U-Boats Were Trapped.

One of the novel devices adopted by the British for the co-ordination of the efforts of trawlers and submarines has just been divulged. A trawler would drag a submarine by a cable and maintain communication with it by telephone. When the trawler sighted a German U-boat the British submarine would slip its cable and attack the German boat before the surprised Germans could submerge or prepare to give fight.

Attire.

"Is your boy Josh particular about his clothes?"

"I should say he is," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Since he put off his uniform he'd rather wear overalls than one o' them high-waisted overcoats."

Relic of Long-Past Age.

While cutting peat in the Leithen headwater area, the shepherds unearthed a horn, which may have belonged to Bos primigenius or Bos longifrons, the wild oxen that roamed over Britain from the glacial age to near historic times. It was found at a depth of four feet from the surface, and the shepherds also averred that there was a small patch of brown hair attached, which is quite probable, as the peat would act as a preservative. —London Mail.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1919

NOTES

THE SATURDAY CLUB OF NEWPORT

The following articles were read at a late meeting of the Newport Historical Society by the young authors and received much deserved applause. They deal with historis matters of much interest to Newport people and are written in a very attractive style.

The Saturday Club is a club of young girls which was founded on October 20th, 1917. Its object is to study the quaint old town of Newport, its historical spots and their associations, its institutions, and its birds, flower and trees. We meet on Saturday afternoons, and usually spend an hour or so on some interesting expedition, then we return to the Sims house and hold a business meeting, ending with half an hour of games.

It is our privilege and good fortune to have two delightful honorary members, Miss Mary E. Powel and Miss Maud L. Stevens. We have spent several interesting afternoons at their homes looking at their historic treasures.

Miss Stevens wrote for us an entertaining little play, founded on an old Newport tradition dating back to the year 1765. This the Club acted last summer for the benefit of the Red Cross and other charities.

One of the nicest things about our experiences is the friendliness and sympathy we have met everywhere. As one member said at the time of the play, "Everybody wants to help." For instance, when we were disappointed on one of our excursions at finding that a portrait which we wanted to look up had been sent away for repairs, a new object was furnished for the afternoon expedition by a gentleman who directed us to a house which was over two hundred years old. Here we received a cordial welcome and were shown a wonderful old chimney big enough to stand in and an old well that had refreshed many generations.

One meeting a month is devoted to our Club books. Each member puts into her book whatever she pleases, such as photographs, drawings and essays dealing with the history of Newport. We may copy from each other if we make acknowledgement of the author.

We have such good times at our Club, and through it we have learned so many things about the city we live in which we should not otherwise have known, that we wish other girls could form similar clubs to study other cities.

MARGARET H. SIMS

If anyone had told the Saturday Club, when it was first organized, that it would one day have the honor of taking part in a meeting of the Newport Historical Society we could hardly have believed it. Perhaps you would like to know how we came to write the little pamphlet which is the cause of our being here.

Last Decoration Day some members of the Saturday Club laid a simple bunch of flowers on Admiral DeTernay's tomb in Trinity churchyard, to honor the memory of an ally of the past and to show our friendship for our ally of the present. We thought that nobody saw us, but there is very little that escapes the observing eyes of the Newport Herald, and a little article describing the incident appeared in that paper a day or two later. It was copied by a French newspaper, and the present head of the DeTernay family read the account and wrote to express his appreciation of this tribute to the memory of his "arrière grand oncle."

We thought that it would interest him to see some American accounts of his ancestor's life in Newport and his death there, so we compiled this booklet, and Mrs. Cabell made the artistic cover.

We were indeed flattered when the Newport Historical Society asked us for a copy of it.

GABRIELLA LADD.

The following is a letter written to Mrs. William Sims:

I read in the papers that on the occasion "Decoration Day," Madame William E. Sims and her children placed a sheaf of flowers decorated with ribbon of the American and French colors on the tomb of Admiral de Ternay in the cemetery of Trinity.

As head of the family de Ternay, I have the honor to beg your Monsieur le Consul, in my name and in the name of my family, to offer to Mrs. Sims and her children my most sincere thanks and my profound gratitude for the homage shown to my great-great uncle Admiral de Ternay.

Please accept Monsieur le Consul, the expression of my most respectful sentiments.

(Signed) Mis. de TERNAY,
Nantes, 27 juin 1918,
No. 2 rue Tournefort.

A VISIT FROM THE INDIANS

Admiral de Ternay and General Rochambeau once entertained a party of eighteen Indians to encourage them in their neutrality. General Schuyler made the selection of the deputation and the story is told as follows in Stone's book, "Our French Allies."

"Of these Indians, thirteen were Oneidas and Tuscaroras and five were Canawagas from Canada. On their journey they passed through Providence and were entertained at the "Aldrich Hotel," then one of the most popular hostelries of the town, with their interpreter, Mr. James Dean, they reached Newport August twenty-ninth and were received with distinguished consideration by the French commanders and by General Heath. On the day of their arrival they dined with Count Rochambeau at his head quarters and he presented them with red blankets. To the Chiefs medals were given representing the coronation of the French king. With all these they were much pleased. General Heath entertained them with a sumptuous repast. They also dined with Admiral de Ternay on board the "Duc de Burgogne", where a witness said they behaved themselves well and ate cleanly enough, and by request they performed a war dance before the officers of the armies.

They were much impressed with the fact that the French soldiers had left the apples hanging untouched on the trees about their tents, and that the French king had sent this army and navy to fight for the cause of freedom.

ADELAIDE SIMS.

THE VERNON HOUSE

If you were to visit our Club today one of the very first places we would take you to see would be the Vernon House on the corner of Clarke and Mary streets. It is now used as the headquarters of the Charity Organization.

Rochambeau wishing to promote social pleasures in Newport built a large and beautiful ballroom adjoining the Vernon House, which it was necessary to tear down later to make improvements.

Washington paid a visit to Rochambeau in 1781 and went on board the vessel that had been deTernay's flagship, the "Duc de Bourgogne," but this was a year after the death of its gallant commander. On coming ashore Washington marched from the landing to the Vernon House between triple rows of French soldiers. It is said that Washington wore the insignia of a Marshal of France on that occasion, but some say that honor was a complimentary one.

General Rochambeau gave a ball in his honor in the "French Hall" of the Vernon House. It is said that as Washington stepped on the floor with his selected partner, the French officers took the instruments from the hands of the musicians and played the music of the dance, "A Successful Campaign."

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

THE HUNTER HOUSE

One of the very interesting historical buildings of Newport is the Hunter House, formerly the Wanton House, rendered famous by the death of the Chevalier de Ternay, which occurred there.

As it is situated on the Bay, it might have proved very useful to the old smugglers of the eighteenth century, and no doubt was used by them as many other houses on the same street were.

It is considered an excellent specimen of Colonial architecture, one room, in fact, with its beautiful shell cupboards being recorded in the American Society of Architects. The house was built by Deputy Governor Nichols. After his death it was owned by Governor Wanton and received the name of the Wanton House. The house at present is used by the Sisters of St. Joseph's church. During the stay of the French troops in Newport the town was very gay. French officers particularly admired the simplicity of the Newport belles. Hardly a week went by without some social festivity. It was the fashion of the gallant young officers to cut the names of the ladies they admired on the glass of the windows with their diamond rings. A few of these panes still exist. The name of Peggy Champlin, a beautiful young Newport belle, was most frequently seen.

Many of the officers would gallop over the island to see the picturesque scenery. On their return, they were often invited to take tea at the mansion of John Wanton, Esq., son of Governor Wanton, where Admiral de Ternay was quartered.

Stone gives the following account of Admiral de Ternay's death in his book "Our French Allies."

"On the fifteenth day of December, in the year 1780, a sorrow rested on Newport. Admiral de Ternay died, after a short confinement, of a malignant fever. In October following his return from the conference with Washington at Hartford, he became unwell, but no apprehensions of a fatal termination were excited. A few days before his decease, he was visited on board his flagship, the "Duc de Bourgogne," by the chief physician, M. Caste, and found to be alarmingly sick. He was immediately removed to his headquarters on Washington street (then called Water street) and there, in the southeast chamber, he expired."

EMILIA BELKNAP.

LAST HONORS

Admiral de Ternay was buried with high military honors, suitable to his rank, on the sixteenth of December, 1780, in Trinity Churchyard. The long procession, preceded by twelve priests chanting the Roman Catholic burial service, presented the most imposing funeral scene ever witnessed in Newport. The remains were borne to the grave by a select number of French sailors from his own flagship. Torches ere carried, as the funeral was at twilight. The coffin was sadly lowered into the grave. The troops gave their last tribute to their brave commander, and left him to sleep in American soil under the protecting care of the American flag.

In 1783, a handsome tablet of marble, setting forth in Latin the rank and services of the deceased, was prepared by the King of France and sent to Newport. It arrived in 1785, to be placed upon the wall in the interior of the church, but no space could be found large enough, so it was erected, early in July, over the Admiral's grave. Later it was taken away and put in the vestibule of Trinity Church, that it might be preserved. The inscription on the stone is in Latin, but the following translation has been made:

In the Name of God
Charles Louis D'Arsac de Ternay
A knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, though not yet having taken the vows. Of old and noble families of American descent, one of the Admirals of the Royal fleet, a citizen, a soldier, and a commander, deserving well of his King and his country for forty-two years, lies beneath this marble.

Fortunate and bold of St. Croix in the years 1760 to 1761, in spite of the enemy's attacks and with severe labor he floated off and got away the royal ships from the dark whirlpools and after they had been separated by tortuous windings of the River Vilaine, restored them safe to their station. In the year 1762 he invaded New Foundland in North America. In 1772, giving up his command, he devoted himself wholly to the government of the islands of France and Bourbon during seven years, to the advantage of France and the happiness of the Colonists.

In the year 1780 being sent by his most Christian King with relief to federal states struggling for liberty, he occupied Rhode Island. While he was preparing himself for new dangers, he died in Newport on the fifteenth of December, 1780, aged fifty-eight, eminent for every virtue and mourned by his friends.

His Most Christian Majesty, the judge of virtue, in order that the memory of a distinguished man should be consecrated to posterity, ordered this monument to be placed here in 1783.

In 1872 the Marquis de Noailles sent the French minister to the United States, had the new slab that is there now put on with the following inscriptin that he wrote himself in Latin.

Hac sub Lapido Anno MDDCCLXIII
Posito Jacet.
Carolus Ludovicus D,Arcac de Ternay,
Anno MDCCLXXX Decessus sub Proximo Templi Porticum.
Restavratum at Protectun Translatum est.

The Count Segur bears testimony to him as "a man of courage, information animated, and pleasing, one who discharged his duties with as much intelligence as honor."

Trinity Church is one of the best loved landmarks in Newport. This church was built 1725-6. Several members went to the service held there the day that the armistice was signed.

CHARLOTTE RIDGELY CABELL.

QUERIES.

10358. CORNELL—HOLT—J. C. Can you tell me who —— Cornell was? She was the wife of Perry Cornell and mother of Elizabeth Cornell, who married John Easton Holt. Elizabeth died Oct. 8, 1864, aged 69 years.—G. W. E. E.

10369. SHERIFF—What is the birthdate of Mary Sheriff, the daughter of Thomas and Martha Sheriff, and the wife of Joseph Sheffield, whom she married Feb. 12, 1685. She died about 1706.—S. S.

10360 TURNER—What are the dates of Phebe Turner and the name of her mother. Her father's name was Lawrence. Phebe married James Coggeshall Nov. 24, 1723.—P. T.

ANSWERS

10355. HICKS—LONG—After Horatio Long's father died, she was sent to London, England, and was married unknown to her friends, to John Hicks, privately in the under church of Paul's, called St. Faith's Church, she being between thirteen and fourteen years of age. She then came to New England with her husband and lived at Weymouth two and a half years, thence coming to Rhode Island about the year 1640, and there lived ever since till she came to Pettacomscott. Soon after coming to Rhode Island, there happened a difference between her and her husband, John Hicks, and he went away to the Dutch, carrying with him most of his estate, which had been sent by her mother.

After her desertion by John Hicks, she became the wife of George Gardiner.—J. O. A.

An extensive addition will be made to the Century Store before the rush of summer business begins. This store, which is owned by the William Leys Dry Goods Company, has built up a big business.

For Employers' Consideration.

Men can have no hope in their work while they live purely from hand to mouth, and you cannot spread habits of intelligence among the laboring class if their means are too poor or their leisure too short to enable them to participate in the culture that is going on around them.—Exchange.

NOTICE

Beginning February 1st, 1919, the Newport Gas Light Company will charge for gas on the basis of the Rate Schedule now on file with the Public Utilities Commision and which became effective October 7, 1918.

During the negotiations with the Commission appointed by the Representative Council over the pending litigation the company has been charging on the old basis, but on account of the cost of operation it is obliged to charge the legal rates now in force.

The following rates are effective under the schedule now in force:

Gas will be sold and regular meters installed at the following rates to customers who have signed an agreement for gas service.

For the first 5000 cubic feet used in any one month $1.45 per thousand feet gross; $1.35 per thousand cubic feet net.

For the next 5000 cubic feet used in any one month $1.40 per thousand cubic feet gross; $1.30 per thusand cubic feet net.

For the next 40,000 cubic feet used in any one month $1.35 per thousand feet gross; $1.25 per thousand cubic feet net.

For the next 75,000 cubic feet used in any one month $1.30 per thousand cubic feet gross; $1.20 per thousand cubic feet net.

The discount of 10c. per thousand cubic feet will be allowed on gross amounts of monthly bills rendered under this schedule, if such bills are paid within ten days from the date bills are rendered.

Prepayment meters will be installed at the following rate to customers who have signed an agreement for gas service; rate $1.35 net per thousand cubic feet.

Minimum charge $6.00 per year per meter payable monthly and adjusted yearly in the month of December.

Issued September 7, 1918.
Effective October 7, 1918.

NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

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Reserved Seat 75c., 50c., 25c. Matinee Prices 50c., 35c., 25c., 15c.

COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

TOURO STREET

Household Helps for Women

Fine furniture, yes—finest you can buy with fewest dollars; fine rugs, fine draperies, fine china, and other fine things you use to beautify your home; but don't let that thought exclude from your mind the thought the commoner household needs are here, too.

Mop and Brooms, Dust Brushes and Dust Cloths, Pots and Pans, Pails and Kettles. Every such thing that you may need—good and at popular prices.

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LOWEST PRICED FURNITURE STORE IN TOWN

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

SHORT LINE TO PROVIDENCE

VIA

Newport & Providence Railway

FARE 64 CENTS

NOTICE

To prevent water pipes from freezing people are requested to shut off the water at the shut off in the cellar of all houses. If water is allowed to run as a means to prevent freezing the water supply for Newport will soon be exhausted. For yesterday and last night the consumption of water increased 700,000 gallons. With the ponds and reservoirs frozen, and the quantity of water in storage less than one month ago, unless the greatest care in the use of water is practiced serious conditions will soon confront this city.

NEWPORT WATER WORKS

Newport, R. I., Dec. 7, 1918.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Feb. 3, 1919.

Estate of George H. Conley

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of GEORGE H. CONLEY, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate and the same is received and referred to the 3rd day of March at 2 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
2-8 Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Feb. 3, 1919.

Estate of Lloyd E. Ball

JOSIAH E. PECKHAM, JR., Administrator of the estate of LLOYD E. BALL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of suporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of two certain lots or tracts of land situated in the western part of New Shoreham, one of said lots being bounded northerly and easterly on land of Oliver A. Rose, southerly on land of Albertine D. Rose and westerly on a private roadway; containing about ½ acre as the bounds now stand with dwelling house thereon:

The other lot contains about ½ acre and is bounded northerly, easterly and southerly on land formerly of Nathaniel Ball, westerly on land formerly of Asa and Henry Ball, or however otherwise either of said lots may appear to be bounded; as described in two certain deeds to said Lloyd Ball, the first being duly recorded in Vol. 20 page 333, and the later in Vol. 16 page 103 of the Land Evidence Records of New Shoreham.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the 3d day of March, 1919, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
2-8 Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Feb. 3d, 1919.

Estate of Emma L. T. Ernst

REQUEST in writing is made by Alvin C. Ernst, husband of Emma L. T. Ernst, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, testate, that he, Alvin C. Ernst of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 3d day of March, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
2-15 Clerk.

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Town of Middletown

NOTICE OF CANVASS

THE TOWN COUNCIL of Middletown, in the State of Rhode Island, &c., will hold a special session as a Board of Canvassers for said Town, at the Town Hall in said Middletown on

MONDAY, the THIRD DAY OF MARCH

Next, A. D. 1919, at Two o'clock P. M.

for the purpose of canvassing, correcting and completing the lists of the names of voters of said Town, to be used at the annual financial Town Meeting to be held in said Middletown on the Eighth day of March next, A. D. 1919. Persons of foreign birth in order to be entitled to vote at said meeting must file proof in the Town Clerk's office that they are citizens of the United States, before Wednesday, February 26, 1919, and persons who vote by registry and the payment of a tax on personal property, in order to be entitled to vote at said meeting, on any proposition involving the expenditure of money or the imposition of a tax, must pay their said tax before Sunday, March 2, 1919.

By order and in behalf of said Town Council.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Clerk.

Middletown, R. I., February 17, 1919.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. February 17, A. D. 1919.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall

HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall, widow, a person of full age, but unsound mind, presents to this Court her tenth account with said estate, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventeenth day of March, next, A. D. 1919, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

2-22-4w